Odd Happenings

Rev. W. CARNAHAN

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ODD HAPPENINGS



By

REV. WALLACE CARNAHAN



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To My Wife

This little book is inscribed, in grateful acknowledgment of her valuable criticism of the manuscript.

W. C.

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PREFACE.

MANY of my friends have been kind enough to express such an interest in some of the episodes in my clerical life that I am led to think that possibly others may care to read this narration of odd happenings in a long ministry. And I trust that some of my younger brethren may be helped by reading about my perplexities.

Besides I am impelled to write, because I am no longer engaged in regular parish work. Idleness is intolerable. I retired from parochial responsibility before I felt any serious decay of strength, for fear I might experience the decay before I should be aware of it: A deplorable spectacle truly! A clergyman worn out in the highest service of his fellow men, his usefulness departed—still holding on to a charge for which every one except himself sees his unfitness; and it is a pathetic spectacle if with that blindness to disability there is the spectre of the poor house just beyond the last rectory. It is the shame of Christendom that wealthy laymen have not provided adequate pensions for the worn out clergy. I can say this without indelicacy, inasmuch as I am one of the few old ministers who do not need a pension.

The shameful failure of the Church to provide for old ministers seems to me frightful

evidence of the unreality of the religion of many of our rich laymen.

Notwithstanding the shortcomings of some rich laymen and all the other discouragements and heartaches of the ministry, I can testify now, near the close of my life, that the minister's calling is the happiest in the world. True, his reward is not ease and wealth, but it is something far better—the unspeakable privilege of leading sinners to repentance and showing them the Way of Life. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

I have not told the strangest happenings in my ministry for the same reason that Bishop R. W. B. Elliott once gave me for not telling to the public all he saw and heard on his first visit to Mexico,—"I could not expect people to believe me."

Of course I have changed the names of persons and places when it would have been improper to reveal the real ones.

I prepared this little volume, at intervals, whilst engaged in a work on "Christian Economics and Social Evolution." The first part of that ambitious design was shattered by the great European war; and the latter part was anticipated by Prof. H. W. Conn in his "Social Heredity and Social Evolution."

W. C.

Jackson, Mississippi,
October 6th, 1915.

I.

THE REV. JOHN N. NORTON, D. D.

My first ministerial work was with the Rev. John N. Norton, D. D., as his assistant, when he was rector of Ascension Church, Frankfort, Kentucky. All too short for me as that connection was it afforded me a training in pastoral theology that has been most valuable to me throughout my ministry.

There is nothing in my work at Frankfort worth recording, but I feel that I must write a few lines about my beloved chief. I can add nothing of historical value to the sketches of Dr. Norton's life that others have written. I shall simply pay my little tribute to the memory of his noble character, and relate a few incidents that may lend piquancy to the biographies.

As everybody in Kentucky, over fifty years of age knows, Dr. Norton was a most unique character; and he was as interesting as he was original. He was the only man, who in the pulpit, could make me smile without offending my sense of reverence; so unconscious was his humor, and so incapable was he of intentional irreverence. Though a man of large wealth he lived very simply, and gave away nearly all his income.

He was full of paradoxes: Extremely sensitive, and yet very forgiving; hot in denouncing wilful wrong, and tender hearted as

a grandmother; a high bred gentleman, and yet sometimes startlingly plain spoken, in racy vernacular.

He was a composite churchman; a sacramentarian, and yet intensely evangelical. If any of my readers ask me how I reconcile that contradiction of terms, I answer, I can't do it, but Dr. Norton did it,—in his life.

A Frankfort lady was asked by a Congressman noted for card playing whether Dr. Norton was a "High churchman" or a "Low churchman." Quick-witted as she was she seemed puzzled; but in a moment she answered, "Oh, Dr. Norton is everything that is good; as a churchman I should say that he is high, low, jack, and the game." When the witticism was repeated to Dr. Norton, he half smiled and said,"Umph! More complimentary than elegant."

A new parishioner, not knowing that Dr. Norton used his horse and buggy every day, and nearly every hour of the day, asked for a loan of his "funny little team," as the Frankfort boys called it. "Certainly," said the Doctor, "and I will ask you to do me a favor. Please hand a note to the livery stable man as you drive by there." The borrower was surprised to hear the livery stable man read the note aloud to his foreman, "Dear Jones: I want to hire a horse and buggy for this afternoon. Please send me a quiet horse like my old roan. Yours truly,—*John N. Norton.*"

As I have intimated, Dr. Norton was very liberal with his means. One winter when the Frankfort cotton factory suspended work, he supported nearly all the operatives who could find no other work. Of course he never mentioned the benevolence, but when it leaked out, he said to me, with manifest annoyance, "Those foolish people over there had to go and blab it on me."

The Kentucky River divides Frankfort; and Dr. Norton assigned to me the south side for his weekly distribution of alms.

One of his regular dependents was an old woman. I shall call her Mrs. Tansy. On my first errand of Dr. Norton's bounty, when I reached the residence of a good woman who lived next door to Mrs. Tansy, I was informed that she was utterly unworthy of the rector's kindness; that she habitually stole the neighbor's chickens. I was greatly shocked, and did not deliver the weekly allowance to Mrs. Tansy. When I made my report to the rector that evening I told him of the distressing information about Mrs. Tansy, and said, "Of course, Doctor, I didn't give her the order for provisions." "Ah, I am sorry," said the Doctor, with a quizzical smile, "Now, my son, please take the order to the poor old soul tomorrow, right early; for you see if we stop our little help I am afraid she might steal more chickens than ever." When I ventured to ask for light on the ethics of that kind of alms-

giving, the Doctor replied, "Oh, my dear boy, we must not let casuistry harden our hearts." I was not convinced at the time, but the incident made a strong impression on my heart.

Dr. Norton's printed sermons have had an extensive reading; and I can assure my readers, who never heard Dr. Norton preach, that half the flavor of the preached sermon is lost in the printing.

Although Dr. Norton never acquired much fluency in extempore preaching, he could dictate composition to an amanuensis faster than any stenographer could take it down.

Dr. Norton enjoyed the pleasantry of others keenly, but rarely perpetrated a joke. Sensitive as he was to any unkindness, he thoroughly enjoyed a joke on himself; for example: A literary critic, reviewing a volume of his sermons, said that he told too many anecdotes; and intimated that the habit indicated old age (when, in fact, Dr. Norton was only fifty); "at least," said the critic, "Dr. Norton has reached his anecdotage."

When the atrocious pun was quoted to the doctor, he chuckled in great glee, and said, "Pretty good, pretty good—for a reviewer."

II.

A SURPRISING COMPETITOR.

St. James' Church, Greenville, Mississippi, was my first parish, and I was its first rector. I organized the parish and built the first church edifice, which, a few years afterwards, was destroyed by fire.

The Rev. J. W. Beckwith, afterwards Bishop of Georgia, had held services in "Old Greenville" and on Deer Creek, during the Civil War; but the Episcopalians, at that time, were too few to form a parish.

Born in Virginia and brought up in Kentucky, I found much that was novel in that unique community. It was a singular mixture of high culture and unconventionality.

At that time Greenville had no railroad. All traffic and travel were on the Mississippi River. It was in the palmy days of the great "packets." The Robert E. Lee and the Natchez were truly floating palaces. I think the Natchez ran no farther up the river than Vicksburg. The arrival of the Lee at Greenville was the local event of the week. Her whistle was distinguished from that of all other boats as readily as a father's voice.

"The Lee" usually arrived on Sunday morning, the hour varying with the amount of business at the "Bends" (the local name for the landings) that marked nearly every turn in that majestic stream.

When the Lee arrived, nearly all the men boarded her for a social gathering in the forward part of the boat, misnamed "forecastle." It was a kind of informal club. The "bar" was well patronized, more for sociability than from a craving for liquor. The New Orleans papers were distributed, the news discussed, and local topics rehearsed to officers and passengers. The political questions of the day were debated with great ardor; for, like all Southerners, the men of Greenville were born politicians. Many partook of the dinner, which was like a royal banquet. I have never seen anything that could be compared with it, in the best city hotels and watering places.

That weekly meeting on the Robert E. Lee always suggested to me a gathering of the patricians of ancient Rome in the last days of the Empire.

Why dear, saintly old Bishop Green placed a raw, young minister in charge of that difficult field I could never imagine. But they were an interesting people.

The first striking illustration of their unconventionality that I encountered occurred on the second Sunday after I took charge. We had no church edifice as yet, and were holding services in a school house. The attendance was remarkably good; the ratio of men to women unusually large. It was a warm day in September, and, of course, the door and all the windows were open.

Although but few of the men took audible part in the service, their decorum was perfect, until the middle of the sermon; when without, to me, apparent cause, all the men except General Samuel Ferguson, Colonel William A. Percy, and Captain William G. Yerger, precipitately left the room—some by the door, others by the windows. I thought the men had received information of a fire in town, though I had heard no bell or pistol shot (the usual fire alarm). I noticed with surprise that the ladies manifested no excitement, though several of them looked annoyed. After service I asked Colonel Percy where the fire was? He replied with some anxiety, "What fire? Did you see a fire?" "No," I rejoined, "but I supposed there must be a fire by the sudden flight of the men." "Oh," he responded, with his philosophical smile, "That was just the boys running to meet the Lee. She whistled while you were preaching and they couldn't resist the siren call."

The next day several of the young men apologized for their "rather unceremonious withdrawal from Divine Service."

Dr. Dunn remarked, "Parson, if the Angel Gabriel were preaching the boys would leave the service to meet the Lee."

III.

A BRAVE MAN'S TERROR.

Many years ago I was serving in a parish when the yellow fever broke out; and there encountered a remarkable illustration of the influence of the imagination upon physical health. I think the epidemic originated in the United States garrison; at any rate my first contact with it was in response to a request that I should see an enlisted man taken with the fever. I found the poor man dying. After ministering to him as best I could, I called to see a few "suspicious cases," and was about to leave the grounds when I met the commandant, who asked me whether I had seen Lieut. O Leary. I said that I had not, and that I did not know he was sick. "Well," the commandant replied, "he is not really sick, but I wish you would see him, for he thinks he has the yellow fever. The post surgeon and a physician from the town examined him this morning and said, most positively, that he had not one symptom of the fever, nor any other disease."

The lieutenant and I were good friends, and he greeted me cordially. I saw at a glance

that he was under great mental strain. He had taken to his bed during the changing of its linen. It had on it neither sheets nor pillow slips—just a blanket. He had taken off only his coat and shoes. I was very unpleasantly impressed by that circumstance, as O Leary was a scrupulously neat man.

Thinking to rally him from his morbid terror I said, "Playing sick, eh?" In a doleful voice he quickly replied, "Oh, Mr. C——, you need not try to fool me. I know, and you know, that I have yellow fever, and I know that I am going to die."

I then challenged his courage—he was naturally a very brave fellow: "Ridiculous! You have yellow imagination. Now this won't do, O Leary. A soldier and an Irish gentleman to give way to childish terror!" He only groaned.

I next appealed to his common sense. "Why, man, you talk is if you knew more about the matter than the doctors; and if you had the disease, it is not necessarily fatal; with your fine physique, good doctors and good nursing you would almost certainly recover; and after all you are in the hands of the Heavenly Father who does all things well." It was all futile.

He seemed stunned with fright. Finally I read some cheering passages of Scripture, offered a prayer and left him. As I was going out of the room I said, "Good bye, old fellow. I am going to have a good laugh at you tomorrow after you realize how groundless your fears have been."

Lieut. O Leary died that night. The army surgeon told me that to the last he never had a symptom of yellow fever; that he "probably died of heart disease," but that there was "no symptom of that except death."

I think this was a case that called for Psycho-therap y; on which subject I have something to say in the chapter "Suicide of the Soul."

IV.

A WEIRD FUNERAL.

When I was rector of St. James' Church, Greenville, Mississippi, the Episcopalians of Chicot County, Arkansas, having no resident clergyman, looked to me for such ministerial offices as I could render. Most of them lived on or near Lake Chicot. From Greenville to the Chicot settlement was a roundabout journey, by boat, either up the river to Columbia or down the river to Smith's Landing, thence by carriage or horseback to Lake Village or the plantation where my services might be required.

One day I received a message that my friend, Mr. Cyrus Johnson, of Chicot County, had died, and the relatives wished me to bury him. It was a very sudden death. He was a man of fine physique and manly character, beloved by all who knew him. He had died at the residence of his brother Col. Lycurgus Johnson, where I arrived in the evening. Colonel Johnson had sent to Greenville for a burial casket. For some reason which I have forgotten, there was a long delay, and the coffin was not delivered until after midnight.

The weather and the condition of the body were such that it was thought best to have the burial without further delay.

A large number of friends had gathered to pay their last tribute of affection and re-

spect. The first part of the service was read in the spacious parlors of the grand old mansion. The interment was in the family burying ground, about two hundred yards from the house.

There was a long procession: The clergyman preceding the pall bearers with their precious burden, the brother, sister, nieces and nephews following, in silent grief too deep for audible weeping; then the friends of the deceased, and after them a large number of colored people—household servants and plantation hands—who gave utterance to their sorrow in a moaning dirge, at times almost a crude chant. It was a dark night and the path was lighted by torches borne by the servants.

A rank growth of shrubbery bordered the grass covered path, and all around were wide spreading trees festooned with sombre gray moss, nature's funeral drapery.

Every moment, some bird, disturbed in its rest, sounded a note of fear, and a mocking bird would whistle its mellow echo.

When the head of the cortege reached the grave I turned and contemplated the weird scene. The flickering torches half revealed the forms that marched with silent tread; a strong imagination could seem to behold a procession to Valhalla. I began the interment service in the midst of the oppressive stillness that filled me with awe. My voice sounded

strange to my own ears. When I read the words, "In the midst of life we are in death," a muffled sob broke from the lips of the grief-stricken sister; when I uttered the words, "O, holy and merciful Saviour," an old negro whose torch lighted my prayer book, exclaimed in subdued voice, "Oh, bless de Lord!" and just as I finished the sentence, "I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, 'Write from henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; for they rest from their labors,' " a sweet voice behind me softly said, "Amen!" When I came to the words, "may have our perfect consummation and bliss," the old man who held the torch for my reading dropped it from his feeble grasp. I finished the prayer from memory and pronounced the benediction.

At that moment a gibbous moon rose and shed a mellow light on the solemn scene; and as we returned to the house I thought of Job's recollection of God's goodness, "By His light I walked through darkness."

V.

A STARTLING CONFESSION.

The following narrative and a few others that I may recount, call for a few words on the subject of the Confessional. As this is not a controversial work, I shall not enter upon the merits of that question. But whatever may be said for that institution amongst an ignorant people, and with all the safeguards that the Roman Catholic Church aims to throw around it, I am very decidedly of the opinion that the regular practice of auricular confession and judicial absolution, amongst Protestants, would produce spiritual parasitism, and undermine real faith in God. And yet I think that in those rare cases when one cannot by the use of ordinary means find peace of soul, it is well "that he should go to a minister of God, open his grief, and receive such Godly counsel and advice as may tend to the quieting of his conscience and the removing of all scruple and doubtfulness."

My own practice has been to discourage the opening of grief in cases of marital discord; and in giving my counsel and advice I have permitted as little disclosure of unhappy secrets as possible. Self revelation of the dark things of life is apt to be followed by a feeling of degradation. To God alone may the whole heart wisely be laid bare.

At one time in my early ministry my study was in an office building which had no other occupant at night.

One Saturday I was busy on an unfinished sermon until nearly midnight (a bad practice) when I heard a gentle knock on my door. I opened it, and found a genteel, intelligent looking young man standing in the hall,—a man I had never seen before. I shall call his name Peters (of course, I shall use no real names in such incidents as this.) He was silent for a moment, and then asked whether I was the Episcopal minister. I said, "yes," and invited him to come in. I gave him a seat and offered to take his hat, which, however, he retained, with, "No, I thank you; I will just hold it." Then there was a pause with an embarrassment of manner that led me to think that he wished to engage my services for his marriage; but a closer scanning of his face soon dispelled that conjecture.

The man's countenance was troubled; there was evidently something on his mind that disturbed him. He sat alternately gazing at the floor and scrutinizing my face. He would start to speak, and then check himself, as if dreading to disclose what was on his mind. He would draw a long breath, and then expel the air with a loud "whew!" In spite of this queer behavior there was an air of good breeding about the man.

His silence was becoming embarrassing; so I said, as kindly as I could, "What can I do for you?" He replied, "I don't know that you can do anything for me." The man's strange manner suggested insanity, and I began to feel a little nervous. He and I were the only persons in the building, and my study was on the second floor at the rear end of a long hall.

I took a mental measure of the young man's muscular value, and hastily concluded that in a physical conflict he would probably prove the "better man." I continued the conversation with the conciliatory remark that I wished very much that I could do something for him.

At last he spoke quite rapidly: "I saw the light in your window. I thought it was the rector's study, and I came up here to ask your advice. I must get some relief or I shall go crazy." With that he arose saying, "By your leave," and went to the door, locked it and returned to his seat, first drawing his chair close up to mine. He then asked in a whisper, "Is there any one else in hearing?" I assured him there was not. He went on: "My name is Peters, William Peters," and then leaning forward until his face almost touched mine, whispered, "*I killed a man*!"

It is needless to say that I was startled; but, controlling my nerves fairly well, I said to him in the calmest voice that I could command, "Well, my friend, I hope there were

extenuating circumstances," (I had practiced law before I was a clergyman) "and that you have repented of your sin." He replied with great agitation, "No, sir; there were no extenuating circumstances; it was a mean, wicked murder, and I don't know whether I have truly repented or not." Then he swayed his body back and forth, got up, paced the floor for a minute or two, sat down again, and said, "Well, as I have told you that I am a murderer I may as well make a clean breast of it." I interrupted him to say, "Of course, whatever you may tell me shall be received in sacred confidence." He replied, "Oh, I am not hesitating for fear you will give me away. I have too high an opinion of clergymen for that. I meant to say at the start that I trust your honor absolutely."

After a moment's pause, and drawing a long, deep breath he went on, "Do you remember the death of John Williams?" I said that I did. "Well," he continued, "you know that his death was thought to have been accidental?" "Yes," said I, "from what I read in the papers I thought so." "Well," said Peters, "it wasn't. I killed him for his money—his and mine. We had been playing cards. I think Williams cheated, and I was angry at him about that, but don't understand me to be making excuses. When I took the money from his pocket, I left some there to avert the suspicion of robbery.

Oh, it was so mean, so wicked! The Lord knows I have suffered enough for it. No, I don't know that I have suffered enough, though it seems to me that Hell can't be much worse than my suffering over that awful crime."

I here interposed, "Well, if you have truly repented of your sin God certainly will forgive you. Don't you know that Scripture, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,' " and went on to explain to him the nature of repentance and the vicarious sacrifice of the Redeemer; of God's love, and the fatherly tenderness of His mercy. My visitor replied, "Yes, I know all that is true, for I had a Christian mother and went to Sunday School when I was a boy, and used to go to Church until I got to drinking and gambling; but I have stopped all that devilish meanness, and would like to be a Christian if I could feel that God would accept me."

I again tried to make clear to him the grounds of a penitent sinner's acceptance with God. Peters seemed for a moment to be in a reverie from which he awoke with a start, and said, "I think the reason I can't realize God's forgiveness, for which I have prayed with all my might, is because maybe I ought to give myself up, confess my crime and be hanged! Whew! That is what gets me. That is what I want your advice about. I used to be plucky but Lord! how I dread hanging! I have not,

like most murderers I have read about, been afraid I would be found out; and I am not afraid of Williams' ghost, for I am not an idiot; what does haunt me is the thought that I deserve hanging, and that the Lord won't forgive me until I accept the just penalty for my crime. Do tell me, is there any hope of forgiveness for a man that conceals his crime from the State, and dodges the penalty?"

I was puzzled. I was a very young minister and this was my first occasion for casuistry. I hesitated for a minute, and then said, "Let us pray." We both kneeled down at my desk, and I prayed aloud for the murderer's true repentance, for Divine forgiveness, and for God's guidance. Peters wept bitterly and groaned pathetically. I finished the prayer and arose from my knees with a clear conviction of my duty.

I asked Peters whether Williams had any relatives,—any one who was entitled to his support,—wife, mother, sister or children. "No," said Peters, "he never married; both his parents are dead, he has no sister, and his only brother is rich." I went on to tell him it would be his duty to support any dependent of Williams', but as that was not called for, there was nothing he could do as restitution; and added, "I believe that it is not your duty to give yourself up to the law and expiate your crime on the gallows. That would end a life

that may now be devoted to God's service. I feel sure that God has forgiven you; pray for faith, and the burden of guilt will be lifted from your soul." The man grasped my hand and thanked me again and again.

For the rest of his years he seemed to live a religious life, though not a cheerful one.

VI.

RUNAWAY MARRIAGES.

In the early years of my ministry I received a good many requests to marry runaway couples; but, in the course of time, I acquired such a reputation for discouraging such escapades that very few runaways sought me.

My first experience with runaways was in a little parish in the Southwest.

One evening about sunset I heard a loud knocking at my door; on opening it I found a vigorous looking young man in a state of great excitement, with a formidable looking whip in his hand, which he handled very significantly. He asked in an anxious tone, "Is this the preacher?" I first thought my caller had come to whip me for some imaginary offense, and I answered diplomatically, "I am a preacher, but I think I can't be the one you are after with that whip."

He laughed nervously, and said, "Why, bless your soul, I don't want to whip anybody. I want you to marry me, quick. She is right out here in my buggy." I replied very calmly, "I don't know about that; let us talk it over. Has the young lady the consent of her parents?" He almost yelled, "Why, of course not! That is why I am in such a hurry. My dear sir, her father is after us with the fastest team in the county,

and my horse is played out. For mercy's sake hurry up! I will pay you anything you ask." "Oh," said I, "the fee cuts no figure in it. Have you secured the license?" I was trying to gain time for the pursuing father, "No, sir," he replied, "we haven't time. You know a marriage is legal without it." "Valid, but not legal," I parleyed. "You know there is a heavy fine for a clergyman who performs a marriage service without a license." "Oh, I will pay the fine," said he, "you may hold this two-hundred-dollar watch as security. Please do hurry."

"Let me speak to the young lady" I said. She was a charming young creature, certainly not over fifteen. She was much agitated, on the verge of hysterics. I tried to calm her, and asked her to come into the rectory and talk over the matter with me. "Be my wife's guest," said I, "until your father comes, and I will try to reconcile him to your marriage." "Oh, I thank you," she said, "but we can't do that. You don't know my father." She began to weep, and the lover jumped into the buggy and drove off as fast as his jaded horse could travel.

I need hardly say that they quickly secured the services of another minister, who received a handsome fee, and was not fined for marrying a couple without a license,—whereat I greatly wondered.

The white haired father soon arrived, cursing and weeping and wailing, "Oh, my baby! My poor, dear baby!" He searched in vain for the runaways until dark, and slowly returned to a desolate home, a broken-hearted old father.

I refrain from recording the parental experience of the minister who contributed to the breaking of that old heart; for it is a presumptuous thing to interpret God's judgments. And yet I can understand Cromwell's opinion that "the hottest place in the pit is reserved for ministers of the Gospel who sin against light for pelf."

The queerest request came to me one Sunday night when a lady about thirty years of age, wished to be married to one of her pupils, a lad of some sixteen or seventeen years. He began the conversation with some conventional remarks about my health and the weather; but the lady rather impatiently interrupted him with the cogent suggestion, "Well, Jack, we might as well get down to business with the preacher," whereupon the boy picked up courage to say that they wished to be married.

I asked the boy if he had the consent of his parents; he admitted that he had not, but that he was sure they would approve of the marriage; and he admitted that he was not

of age. I tried very solemnly to dissuade them from their folly, but the lady was so giddy, and the lad was so intent upon the marriage that my advice was futile. Of course they easily found another minister to serve them.

One of the most soul-sickening things in Christendom is the fact that there are ministers of the gospel, almost everywhere, who will turn their backs on decency and righteousness, and sell the sacred functions of their office for a paltry wedding fee.

I thought to tell of several other runaway matches, but the details of the rest are either too harrowing, or are not very interesting. I shall, therefore, just mention the outcome of all clandestine marriages the subsequent history of which I have any knowledge.

No. 1: The couple were divorced within a few years. No. 2: The husband eloped with another man's wife. No. 3: Within a year after the marriage the husband kicked the young wife down stairs and broke a rib.

In the worst case of all, I cannot give any part of the sickening tragedy for fear of giving pain to the relatives. I do not know, but I think that the minister who married that couple is now keeping company with Judas

Iscariot and Pontius Pilate—but may be he repented. I hope so.

In the last case that I shall mention the retribution fell on the man. A promising young professional man ran away with a most fascinating young woman, though it was said her parents had no reason for opposing the match except that the young man was not rich. She became a tyrannical termagant, destroyed the husband's happiness and wrecked his professional career by her insane craving for social pre-eminence, and her insatiable avarice.

I have never known one happy domestic life to follow a clandestine marriage. "Honor thy father and thy mother" does, indeed, seem to be a commandment that carries its sanction in this life, as well as the life to come.

VII.

A MYSTERIOUS REQUEST.

Many years ago I was visiting a country parish which had been vacant for some time. I had declined a call, but consented to serve while waiting for another call to take effect. The town was situated on a beautiful southern river, remote from the residence of any Episcopal minister. When the Episcopalians of the neighborhood heard that a clergyman of their Church was sojourning near them, my services were sought for several baptisms, for a funeral, and for a few marriages. One of the weddings took place at the residence of the bride, the daughter of a wealthy planter. He lived on the opposite side of the river, as did also the bride-groom elect, who sent a pretty boat for me on the evening of the day the marriage was to be celebrated. The boat was manned by a strong, intelligent negro boy of about eighteen years of age.

It was a beautiful evening; the swiftly running water, the banks lined with noble old trees, and a glorious sunset presented a scene of entrancing loveliness. When about half way across the river, the boy rested his oars for a moment, and handed me a daintily enveloped note, which was sealed. The contents, as nearly as I can remember, were as follows:

"*To the Episcopal Minister who is to officiate at the wedding tonight;*

"DEAR SIR—If you will come to the cabin of Old Stephen Martin at ten o'clock tonight you can help a person who is in great trouble. Please come alone and tell no one of your errand. Martin's cabin is the last one on the left, in the quarter. Knock with four taps, and when the door is opened, please say, '*Dum spiro spero*,' and then you shall know what is desired. Please write your consent on the back of this note. At any rate, return the note.

"Anxiously and respectfully,

"HONNEUR."

I was perplexed to know what to do. The possibility of the note being a cry for some help that I might render a burdened heart appealed to me strongly, but the secrecy of the thing was repugnant.

A sinister purpose on the part of the author of the note occurred to me, as a possible explanation of the mystery; but I could imagine no reason for any evil plot against me, unless it was to rob me of the wedding fee, which I might be expected to have in my pocket after the wedding; but I soon dismissed that theory as too improbable, and then was completely at sea.

I asked the boy what kind of a man Stephen Martin was. He was ready with his

answer. "Ole Uncle Stephen? Why, he mighty good ole yaller man. He not much good to work, he so ole; but he mighty kind ole man; he got rheumatiz powerful bad." I then asked him what family he had. "Oh," said the boy, "he fambly gone dead long ago, 'ceptin' de son what run off." "Who lives with him?" I asked; and the reply came somewhat hesitatingly, "Nobody don't live with him 'ceptin' he gran'daughter. She mighty nice gal. She most white." "How old is she?" I asked. "She 'bout twenty, I reckon," was the answer. "I suppose she has plenty of beaux?" I ventured to remark. "No sir-ree!" said the boy with surprise, "None of dese darkies dassent wink at Rachel Martin. Dey call her 'Miss Rachel,' same's she was a white lady." Whereupon he chuckled to himself, as if enjoying the idea of a colored man daring to court Rachel Martin.

I continued the examination of my witness, rather dubiously, and said, "Of course all the white folks are very friendly to Rachel." He replied, with evident caution, "All de ladies like to have Miss Rachel sew for 'em; she sew mighty purty; and she can sew roses and all such on de table covers. Oh, she powerful smart, I tell you,—and purty!"—then he whistled his rapture. I wanted to ask another question, but did not for fear of seeming to reflect upon the girl. I then asked the boy who wrote the note. He answered very

promptly that he didn't know. I asked him who gave it to him, and he said one of Col. M.'s (the father of the bride) servants gave it to him to "hand to de preacher."

I soon saw that nothing further was to be probed out of the boy. If he knew anything significant he had been well instructed to conceal it. I still had no clue to the mystery. The most tenable conjecture was that I was wanted to unite some couple in marriage at Old Stephen Martin's,—probably some one with Rachel; but why this secrecy? That was still a mystery.

After a few minutes' reflection I made up my mind. I concluded that I could not consistently be a party to anything that was to be hidden. I felt sure that I was wanted for some service that I should be expected to conceal; and that was a thing I could not bring myself to do in the dark.

While searching my pockets for a pencil with which to write my answer the boy handed me one that I suspected the writer of the note had provided. It was too costly a pencil to be the property of a negro boy. This is what I wrote on the back of the note:

"On the Boat, Mid-Stream, October —, 18—

"To Honneur:

"In a proper way I should be most glad to be able to serve any one in trouble; but I cannot think it right to make the appointment

you request. Before I can meet you at Stephen Martin's I must know what you wish me to do. If you will clear the matter of all mystery I shall receive the revelation in sacred confidence. I shall then consent or refuse to comply with your wishes.

"I shall go to the west end of Col. M.'s south gallery shortly after nine o'clock tonight, when I can receive any further communication you may wish to make. Do right and trust God. Respectfully,"—

(My signature.)

The marriage service was over at fifteen minutes after nine. I then went to the place mentioned and waited about half an hour, but received no message. I then went into the house. I scanned many a face in the wedding company, to see whether any countenance should disclose the possession of the secret; but I could not see a sign of mystery or unhappiness on any face in all that large company.

I have never solved the mystery of that strange note, but I have my suspicions; and I have never regretted that I did not meet "Honneur" at old Stephen Martin's.

VIII.

A REVIVAL IN JAIL.

When I was rector of St. Andrews' Church, Seguin, Texas, it was my habit to hold service in the county jail every Friday afternoon, where there were always confined half a dozen to half a hundred prisoners, serving terms of imprisonment for minor offenses or awaiting trial for grave crimes. At the time of the happening of which I am now writing there was an unusually large number of prisoners in the jail, amongst them a few desperate criminals. The most notorious one could not have been more than twenty-five years old; a handsome fellow, with exceedingly bright eyes, and most insinuating manners. I shall call him Tom Knight (which was not his name).

At my first visit after Knight was lodged in the jail he appeared to be very much interested in the service. He joined audibly in the Lord's Prayer, and tried to interest the other prisoners in my talk, remarking in a loud whisper to one who was smoking a pipe, "Put that out! Have you no manners?" At the conclusion of my next service, Knight asked me to lead with a hymn, "Something familiar that the boys know; just line it out and some of us will join in; I am sure some of them have had good mothers like mine, who taught them to sing."

I told Knight that, although I had been blessed with the best mother in the world, she had never succeeded in teaching me to sing; that I never tried to raise the tune in church but once, and that effort was a failure." Knight then asked me to lend the prisoners some hymn books, and he would "teach them the best he knew how," and added very earnestly, "You see, Parson, we want to keep up the interest that you have awakened. If we have no religious exercises between Fridays, some of us might backslide." It is needless to say that I was delighted with these tokens of spiritual awakening amongst these criminals. It was the first time I had noted any impression my services had made.

Meeting the jailor on the street a few days after I had given the prisoners the hymnals, he remarked to me, "Parson, you have started a regular revival at my hotel (that was his euphemism for the jail). I have never seen anything like it. Tom Knight has taught the boys to sing beautifully. He has committed several of the hymns to memory, and when it gets too dark to use the hymn books Knight lines it out to the boys and they sing nearly all night long. I told them that they had better sing more in day time and get their sleep at night; and what do you think he said?" I told the jailor I couldn't imagine; and so he told me that Knight said, "We feel more religious in the dark, when we can't see each

other's bad faces, and it helps to kill our heavy time to sleep in daylight." I remarked to the jailor, "What a thoughtful fellow Knight is," and the sequel proved that he really was.

At my next visit to the jail I told the prisoners how happy I was that they had learned to sing hymns; and how earnestly I hoped that they would continue to feel their present deep interest in religion.

The "revival" was kept up for some time, but alas! It collapsed. The collapse was a mortifying one to me. One night just before court was to meet, the prisoners all escaped. I could not think so hard of that; the love of liberty is such a strong impulse. But the way they escaped!

Every night they detached the iron handle from their water bucket and picked out the mortar around one of the large stones in the jail wall; and when the rock became thus loosened they pulled it in, letting it fall on one of their mattresses to deaden the sound. *The singing had been kept up to prevent the jailor, on his rounds, from hearing the sound of their picking at the wall.*

Tom Knight left this note for me:

"Dear Mr. C.—We regret that we shall not have an opportunity to say goodbye to you. We thank you for all your kindness. We leave only because we desire a wider field of usefulness.

"With profound esteem,

"Tom Knight, and Others."

My dear friend, Governor Ireland, whose home was in Seguin, never got done poking fun at me about that Revival.

He would darkly hint at the dreadful conduct of a "clergyman who could be guilty of teaching criminals to sing hymns as a means of escaping from jail."

I never ventured a retort but once, and then I got the worst of it. Governor Ireland was the ablest lawyer at the bar. I said, "Governor, what is the amount of fees that you lost by that jail delivery?" He promptly but slowly replied, "About as much as you got for clearing the prisoners."

It took a much brighter man than I to get ahead of John Ireland.

IX.

ONE SINNER THAT REPENTED.

I must record another chapter in the history of my ministrations in the Guadalupe County jail, somewhat to balance the jail revival.

I think it was in the year 1879 that Bishop R. W. B. Elliott and I took a frontier missionary trip,—camping out as we went along—rarely sleeping under a roof.

I must indulge myself in a digression, suggested by the mention of Bishop Elliott. He was my bishop for the first seven years of his Episcopate, and my dear friend from the day we met to the end of his beautiful life. He was the loveliest man I ever knew.

If I should tell of his unselfish devotion to duty, his quiet courage in dealing with personal problems, his wise administration of affairs, and his fascination in the social circle, I should still leave unnamed a subtle charm and forcefulness of personality that defy description. As his noble successor once said to me, "The Lord never made but one Robert Elliott."

To resume my story: Bishop Elliott and I were crossing over from the Nueces Valley to Bandera, a pretty rough ride in those days, even in a good spring wagon.

Driving along, over the "divide" one morning, we passed a wagon with about half a dozen rough looking young men. As the custom was, the Bishop and I saluted the other party with a "Good morning, gentlemen!" They returned our politeness with a cordial "Howdy?" After the wagon had passed on a few yards, we heard a shout: "Hallo! Stop a minute!" We stopped our team, and looking back saw one of the young men running toward us. He came up on the side of our wagon on which I was seated, and, holding out his hand, asked, "Ain't you Mr. C.?" I said, "Yes, but I am ashamed to say I don't recall your face." He replied with a hearty smile, "Why, I'm Madison, Dan Madison. Don't you remember the youngest one in that tough bunch in the Seguin jail,—the fellow that blubbered when you talked to the boys about their mothers' prayers?"

I did then recall the boyish face that seemed so ashamed of his plight. "Well," continued Madison, "I stopped you just to thank you for the good you done me. You sure did make me ashamed of myself. I want to tell you I have stopped all my meanness, and I am trying to live an honest life. Goodbye." I need not say that the incident did me good. I felt repaid for all my jail work in Seguin.

I never encountered any intentional rudeness from a prisoner but once. I was holding

services in the jail at Gonzales, Texas. One of the prisoners was awaiting his trial for perjury, having served a term in the penitentiary for horse stealing. I think he had the worst countenance I ever saw. He was smoking a cigarette (a habit that will demoralize any one) and coming near me, he put his face close to mine, puffed the smoke in my face, and said, "d—— rot!" Another prisoner, a little red-headed fellow with a pleasant face, jerked the rude man back, with the rebuke, "That is the act of a coward;" and, turning to me, said, "Parson, don't mind him; he ain't got no more sense than a rat."

X.

UNEXPECTED FRUITS

I think it was in the winter of 1880 that Bishop Elliott made a visitation to Boerne, Texas, which is the subject of this story in two chapters.

At that time I was Rector to St. Luke's Church, San Antonio; which city was the Bishop's home.

The journey to Boerne, some thirty-five miles northwest of San Antonio, was in that day, made by stage coach, over a rough mountain road.

Upon the Bishop's return I asked him about his recent trip, and he told me that it was the most depressing visitation he had ever made.

Boerne is a German settlement. At that time there were only three American families in the town, very few Episcopalians, and no clergyman in charge. The Bishop told me that at the time appointed for the service (it was at night) it was raining and a stiff norther blowing. I think the service was held in a school house, which was lighted by coal oil lamps. An attempt had been made to warm the room, but the stove smoked, and the fire was allowed to go out. The windows having been opened to let the smoke out the wind blew out all the lamps but one.

In that cold, damp air, and by the light of the one lamp that could be kept lighted, the Bishop went through the service and preached. There was no singing and only one voice audibly responded in the psalter and the canticles. The very small congregation seemed to be apathetic, and no one remained after the service to greet the Bishop. The Bishop told me that in all his ministry he had never preached so poor a sermon, and never had held a service that seemed so useless.

To add to the Bishop's disheartening experience at Boerne, on the return journey he was called upon, for four hours, to help a physician hold a poor insane woman who was being taken to an asylum. He said, "That stage coach ride was the most nerve-racking experience of my life, not excepting all the strain of the Civil War." The Bishop had been a brave Confederate soldier.

About six months after the incidents just narrated, when Bishop Elliott was in Europe, I received a call from a lady, who asked me to come to the hotel to see her husband, whom she was taking home in a neighboring state, to die. Having consumption she had taken him to Boerne in hope of recovery. That climate was famous for its virtues in cases of tuberculosis; but the poor fellow had gone there too late.

The lady told me that her husband had been an unbeliever for many years, and that all her efforts to win him to the faith had been fruitless; until one cold, rainy night in Boerne she had persuaded him to accompany her to a service held by Bishop Elliott. He reluctantly went, simply as the wife's necessary escort. She told me of the dismal circumstances, and of the Bishop's sermon; which was preached in a quiet, conversational tone without notes. The subject was the sorrow of the Saviour over impenitent sinners; the preacher spoke of the infinite patience of God, and the cruelty of indifference to His tender love.

The lady said that her husband was very silent on the way from the service, and was unusually wakeful at his retiring hour. She said he waked her about midnight and begged her to pray for him; that Bishop Elliott's sermon had made him realize what a wretched, heartless sinner he was, and how real and how great was God's goodness; that he craved Divine mercy and forgiveness, and that he was praying for faith in the Saviour's redemption. The lady said that her husband had ever since that night read his Bible faithfully and attended the occasional services held in Boerne, until physically too weak.

I went to the hotel to see the man, and found him in the last stage of consumption.

After a quiet conversation I thought the man was truly penitent and that he had faith enough to receive Baptism. I accordingly baptized him and gave him the Holy Communion.

A few weeks after their return home the wife wrote me of her husband's peaceful death, and of her own gratitude to God for her husband's blessed conversion at the eleventh hour.

When Bishop Ellott returned home, I told him of the incident, and he remarked, "To God give the praise, the treasure truly was in an earthen vessel."

XI.

ANNISTON EPISODES.

Before recording a few incidents in my six years' rectorship of Grace Church, Anniston, Alabama, I must pay my tribute to the memory of the proprietors of the blast furnaces, cotton factory, and other mills of the place. The Tylers and Nobles owned everything in Anniston at that time. They were Christian capitalists. I have known but few rich men who recognized as fully as they did the moral obligations of wealth.

The character of these men was, of course, largely traceable to godly parents, and partly to the influence of Bishop Wilmer. The Bishop of Alabama was mighty with men. For persuasive eloquence in the pulpit and in private, I have never known his equal.

The Tylers and Nobles built Grace Church and rectory at a cost of about $50,000, and endowed the parish. Mr. Samuel Noble and his children invested about $40,000.00 in the diocesan school edifice for girls, and erected a building for a boys' parochial school, costing about $20,000.00; and Mr. John W. Noble (after my rectorship) built St. Michael's Church, rectory, and parish school house, costing about $125,000.00.

This last named work was the outgrowth of the little mission of which I am about to

speak. However, it is not the history of Grace Church, nor St. Michael's, nor even of the little factory mission that I am writing; but a poor, tame little story of one soul lifted out of moral darkness and spiritual destitution, and permitted to know something of the blessedness of Divine Grace.

Shortly after I took charge of the parish, I became much interested in the people of the "factory quarter,"—the poorest of all the numerous employees of the place.

The large cotton factory, but recently established, gave employment to several hundred men, women and half grown children of the most ignorant class of the Southern white people.

I had occasionally met some of this class elsewhere; but never before in any large numbers, nor in a pastoral relation.

I had seen poverty enough amongst the cultivated people of the South, ruined by the Civil War; and had ministered to it with my heart's best sympathy, but I had now to learn a new lesson in the pastoral office.

For several years after I removed to Anniston, I was the only resident clergyman, and, therefore, the whole population was in a measure, my flock. Amongst the poorest class there was not one Episcopalian.

Although at least one member of every family in Factory Quarter was employed in the mills at good wages, there was much suffering

amongst them; the larger part of it the result of ignorance, laziness and waste.

The spiritual destitution of these people was more deplorable than their material poverty. I spent half of my time visiting them; trying to minister religious instruction, comfort, and encouragement, especially to the sick, of whom there were a great many. Most of them had come there with enfeebled bodies; and the winter having been unusually severe, many cases of pneumonia were developed; a large percentage of deaths ensued in spite of the skill and devotion of Dr. R. P. Huger, one of the best physicians and one of the truest Christian gentlemen I have ever known.

The depleted physical condition of his patients was not the only cause of the unusual number of deaths; the nursing was incredibly poor; rarely was the medicine given as prescribed, and sometimes not at all; domestic remedies ("yarbs") often being substituted. The doctor had difficulty in the use of stimulants for the sick women and children, because the heartless husbands and fathers would drink the stimulants, even though medicated.

The factory proprietors paid for medical attendance, and never failed to respond to my calls for contributions for the relief of the needy. Dr. Huger does not to this day know how often I discovered his quiet charity amongst his patients,—medicine, food, and clothing bestowed upon those poor people out

of his then moderate income. He never breathed a word of it to me, his pastor and dearest friend. I am thankful to know that now, after many years of distinguished success in his profession, he has accumulated ample provision for his declining years.

Perhaps it may not be improper for me to say here, parenthetically, that in my younger days I had such a reputation for disapproving of notorious knaves that it now behooves me to praise some of the good men I have known. It seems to me that we clergy are often stingy in our praise of men; although we are generally lavish enough in praising the ladies; God bless them!

At the time of which I am writing the Episcopal Church was the only one that held regular services in Anniston, and I, therefore, urged the factory people to attend public worship at Grace Church, and send their children to its Sunday School.

Although my prosperous parishioners were most kind to the few poor people who ventured to come to their church, and (being well bred) never wore their fine apparel to church, my efforts to induce the factory people to attend Grace Church in any considerable number, were a failure. They imagined that they were not wanted at the "rich folks' church;" and so I determined to afford them an opportunity for public worship in their own quarter.

I looked in vain for a suitable place; and at last was obliged to utilize a large blacksmith shop that had been abandoned. Mr. A. L. Tyler granted me the use of it, and gave me the money to put it in order. I had it floored, walls whitewashed, and glass put in the windows. The irreverent boys of the town called my new chapel "Saint Blacksmith Shop."

The attendance at "preaching" was pretty good; but I found it harder to secure pupils for my Mission Sunday School than to provide a place for their instruction. The parents seemed strangely suspicious of my motives. As I went from door to door, canvassing for pupils, I noticed that an old man named Holcomb, who lived upon the earnings of a puny grand child, seemed to be following me. I knew the man to be a mischief-maker, and so I turned around and entered a house he had just left.

It was the cabin of a good friend of mine, a Mrs. Grant, whose daughter, Maggie, I had just enrolled. I asked Mrs. Grant what Holcomb was following me for; with some reluctance she told me that he was trying to persuade her not to send Maggie to my Mission Sunday School. She quoted him: "Mrs. Grant, I tell you it will be a mighty bad thing for you to send Maggie to that man's Sunday School. I ain't got nothin' particular agin him, but he is them restycrats' (aristocrats') preacher, and all them people is down on poor

folks; take my word for it, that Sunday School is a trap; there is sure some ketch in it."

In spite of the old man's counter influence Maggie came to the Sunday School, and two years afterwards, was confirmed. I tried to win Holcomb's friendship but never succeeded.

Among the children I secured for the first Sunday was Lucy Mulford, who supported her semi-invalid mother; her father was serving a term in the penitentiary. The mother could not read a word, and Lucy could read but little; all the education she had having been secured by attendance at a country school during two winter sessions.

The mother had some crude notions of religion, such as might be expected in a woman of her limited intelligence and opportunities. Lucy was a spiritual blank, but not a bad child. She was about fifteen years old, and her ignorance of the elementary principles of the Christian religion is incredible. I am sure that my grandchild when three years old was far better informed on the subject. I placed Lucy in the Sunday School class of one of the lovely Christian women who had consented to help me in the Mission; one of those wise, tender-hearted, spiritually minded creatures whose womanhood is an incarnate poem.

From the first, Lucy was an earnest pupil; attentive, but soon wearied by the strain of attention. She seemed to be eager to learn, but at first her memory was not retentive.

I think the feebleness of her mental grasp was largely attributable to an ill-nourished body. I wish our writers on pedagogy would carefully study the subject of mal-nutrition; I am sure it is a larger factor in the backwardness of some pupils than many teachers are aware of. Lucy's aptitude to learn certainly increased with the improvement of her physical health; though, indeed, she never became robust.

After six months of Sunday School instruction and home reading she began to improve quite noticeably. Her spiritual development was even more rapid than her mental growth. At the end of the year her teacher considered her prepared to enter my Confirmation class, to which, accordingly, she was admitted. The child's hunger for enlightenment was pathetic and wonderful.

When the Bishop came Lucy was confirmed, and the following Sunday she was admitted to the Holy Communion.

The girl continued to grow steadily in every grace of Christian womanhood; she brought her mother to a reasonable faith, and wrote her father regularly, trying to bring him under the blessed influence that so enriched her own soul. Her influence amongst her companions was most beautiful. She was a missionary without knowing it.

About two years after I first knew her she was taken violently ill with pneumonia. Dr. Huger attended her most faithfully, and

several of the lovely ladies of the parish visited her frequently, taking her comforts and delicacies. Her mother nursed her tenderly until she, too, was taken ill with the same malady.

Lucy constantly grew worse; watching the case closely, one day the doctor recognized the fatal symptoms, and told me that she could not recover.

I told Lucy that the end was near, and assured her that the Saviour was waiting to receive her. She smiled, gasped, and tried to utter some words.

The mother's bed was drawn close to Lucy's, and she held one hand of the dying girl, whilst I held the other.

It was all unspeakably pathetic, and it was a most precious pastoral experience.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

XII.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

My children, and other young people, have often begged me to tell them ghost stories. I give this one for what it is worth.

Once in midsummer, I was invited to "exchange" with a brother clergyman whose parish was a short distance from mine. His family was away from home, and so I was entertained by a parishioner of his, a wealthy highly cultivated old bachelor, who lived alone in a most elegant mansion.

After a sumptuous supper Sunday night, my host entertained me delightfully in his splendid library. While talking of home architecture and the foolish waste of money on false splendor that one often sees, my host said, "If you will excuse the impropriety of the question, I should like to ask you, just for fun, what you suppose I paid for this house and grounds." I made a rapid appraisement and ventured the figure, $20,000.00. "You are away off," said he, "guess again." I came down to $15,000.00. "Still too high," said my host, with a curious smile, "but I am not giving you a fair chance. The house was thought to be haunted." "Well," I replied, "so strong is that silly superstition that I suppose the foolish owner sold it for $10,000.00." Still too high," said my host. "Give it up," said I,

"unless the right answer is that the owner paid you to take it off his hands." "No," replied my host, "not quite that. I paid $6,000.00 for it." And then he told me that the owner being obliged to remove to a distant city, tried to sell the house for something like its cost, then tried to rent it out for a nominal rental, but all in vain; and at last, sold it to my host for the sum just mentioned. It was the most striking proof I had ever known of the power of superstition.

I asked my host what the character of the "haunting" was; and he told me that in the finest bedroom in the house, there was sometimes a peculiar sound at night like *deep sighing*. He said he had slept in the room himself, but had never seen or heard the ghost. We both laughed at the imbecility of a belief in ghosts, and changed the subject.

At bed time my host showed me to my room; playfully remarking as he ushered me into the beautifully furnished chamber, "This is the 'haunted room.'" I smiled, and replied, "Well, Major, if the ghost gets after me I shall call you." "All right," said he, "my room is right next to the library; but I don't think his ghostship will dare to disturb a minister; you know those uncanny fellows are afraid of sacred things." "Oh," said I, "whilst I don't classify myself amongst sacred things, I believe I have religion enough to whip any ghost that ever rattled a chain, or

heaved a 'deep sigh.' " We then bade each other a pleasant good night.

I need hardly say that I had no more belief in ghosts and haunted houses than in the "giants that Jack killed," but I am ashamed to say that I felt a little bit—just the least bit—nervous when my host withdrew. Not, of course, from any fear of the "hant," but because something queer happened in that room that some silly people were afraid of.

I thought to myself: Of course, the so-called "deep sighing" has some rational cause: and yet, I thought, it will be unpleasant to hear it in the dark, just because I don't know exactly what it is. Then I thought what a childish idea! So, I said my prayers, extinguished the light, and went to bed.

I listened for the ghost-like sound for some time, wondering whether the natural sound, whatever it was, really would sound to me at all like sighing.

I tried to reason out some theory of the real cause of the mysterious sound. I brought into requisition my school boy studies in pneumatics and accoustics; but I could not settle upon a theory that would account for any nocturnal sound with any semblance of deep sighing.

At that moment a creepy kind of sound did strike my expectant ear, and I said to myself, "Ah, there it is!" But in a few seconds I recognized the creaking of the hinges of the

hall door, as it was half closed by the breeze that was blowing through the room from an open window; but that sound did not bear the least resemblance to sighing.

Changing my position in bed produced a slight "ping" of the springs, but no one could possibly mistake that for ghostly sighing.

The next moment there was indeed a very peculiar sound, like sterterous breathing, that an imaginative person might easily call deep sighing. I raised myself on my elbow and braced my nerves! I knew it was not a ghost! Of course I did! Bah! Thought I, "There are no ghosts, and this one can't scare me," (nervous logic). All the same I kept listening for the deep sighing to return, *and it did*! *Yes, it came*! It sounded like an unhappy spirit that could not find repose. I leaped from the bed and turned on the light to investigate the ghostly sound, and found that *it was only the sawing of the edge of the window shade* as the wind blew it against the window frame.

And then I laughed at myself, and mentally admitted that I was, for a second, almost frightened. After ruminating for awhile on the psychology of superstition, I fell asleep, and when I awoke the blessed sun was shining in my window; and I marked down, one ghost story tried and found wanting.

XIII.

A REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

One very warm summer after an unusually taxing year's work, I took my vacation in the Northwest, selecting for my rest a little mountain city that bore a reputation for exceptional salubrity and a low summer temperature.

The air certainly was comparatively bracing, though the days were quite hot from ten in the morning until five in the evening. The nights however were nearly always cool, and with no necessity for much exertion during the day and good refreshing sleep at night the region fairly well sustained its reputation.

I made the acquaintance of the worthy old rector the day after my arrival and found him very companionable. We met frequently either at the rectory or my hotel and found that we had much in common. One subject that interested us both was the improvement of city governments. He told me of the efforts of a few earnest citizens to reform the very faulty administration of the civic affairs of the "Ideal City" as the inhabitants of the ambitious town called it.

If I were writing an essay on municipal government I should certainly use the valuable material afforded me by the history

of this little city, recording its passage from a "Slow Coach" government of fair efficiency and exceptional healthfulness at a cost of a tax of one half of one per cent ~~on the hundred dollars~~ to a "highly organized" government of extravagant investments in socalled "public utilities" at the cost of an enormous debt and a tax of one and three fourths per cent. ~~on the hundred dollars~~. Not that I am opposed to modern methods; far from it, when they can be kept free from incompetence, and graft.

This little city offered a striking example of the proverbial "long suffering of English-speaking democracies" and the immeasurable rapacity of civic vultures who thrive on the apathy of respectable citizens.

But my story is concerned with municipal misgovernment only so far as it produced a curious problem in the psycology and ethics of Conversion.

The old rector told me that after many years of more or less adroitly concealed graft by which the Mayor and two of the four aldermen of the Ideal City became immensely rich they put a cap on the monument of their plunder by putting through a scheme for the city to issue bonds for the purchase of the Chautauqua plant that had, for several years been the "pride of the city."

The Chautauqua plant had been built by a few monied men to attract summer visitors and enliven business during the dull

season, with a view also to direct returns on the investment.

The enterprise had paid good dividends for a few years, but the multiplication of Summer Schools and other devices to attract visitors in neighboring towns had reduced the patronage of the Chautauqua until there was a regular annual deficit.

The owners of the "White Elephant" conceived the scheme of unloading the unprofitable animal on the Ideal city.

The city authorities agreed to take the junk off the hands of the owners at cost, notwithstanding the fact that the owners had tried unsuccessfully to sell the property to a lumber company for one fourth that sum.

The charter of the city allowed the issue of bonds for civic improvement upon the approval of a majority not of the registered voters—but of the votes cast at the election.

Thirty per cent of the registered voters favored the measure and twenty per cent of them opposed it at the polls. Fifty per cent of the amiable citizens therefore did not take the trouble to vote, but many of them afterwards inveighed loudly against "the bare faced fraud."

Well I must hurry on to my story.

During my visit to the Ideal City a noted Evangelist was invited by all the pastors of the city to hold a series of revival services in the largest church edifice in the place. He

was not of the sensational type, but a dignified and devout man who with all his zeal and eloquence never shocked the reverence of his large audiences.

The rector and I attended the meetings (after the first) which seemed to grow in interest. The fifth night of the revival service, the Evangelist preached from the text —"Be sure your sin will find you out."

It was an exceedingly clear and forceful description of the scar and stain of sin, of the sinner's inevitable realization of the wickedness and folly of offending God and of the precious value of the atoning love of the Saviour.

The whole congregation seemed to be deeply moved. After the sermon the Evangelist in a quiet and very earnest tone begged any who knew they were sinners and wished God's forgiveness to come forward and declare their faith in God, and ask the church to pray for an increase of faith.

A large number of drunkards, gamblers, saloon-keepers and other reprobates professed conversion and went forward to the pulpit platform for the prayers of the church. The last suppliant to go forward was a man of apparently about fifty years of age, evidently a man of culture. I learned afterward that he was a capitalist of the highest respectability.

His taking a place with the penitents evidently created surprise in the congregation.

One lady particularly, who sat at a little distance from me seemed to be disturbed by the action of the last penitent.

When he reached the platform he did not ascend it, but standing at the head of the middle aisle he said with a trembling voice—

"Fellow men, I came forward to ask for your prayers," he paused, evidently overcome with powerful emotion. I noticed that he was very pale and kept closing and opening his hands. He looked like a man walking and talking in his sleep, but otherwise perfectly rational.

Presently he seemed to brace himself with a great effort, and repeated, "I came forward to ask for your prayers—and your forgiveness." Again his voice faltered, but in a few seconds he went on, "I hope I have truly repented of my sins. God knows I crave His forgiveness—and yours."

The lady whose agitation I had noticed now became visibly very anxious and nervous.

The penitent went on, "I fear God will not forgive me until I confess my sins in public, that is, my sin that concerns the public. So far as I can remember only one of my many sins does concern the community. As many of you know, I was a stockholder in the Chautauqua plant. I instigated the sale of it to the city because it became a poor investment.

"I was ostensibly paid par value for my stock which was not worth twenty-five cents on the dollar.

"I paid half the purchase price to effect the sale. I won't say to whom I paid the money for I have no right to implicate others, and I have nothing to say about what trades the other stockholders made. I am making no accusations. I am simply confessing to you, my fellow men, that I have wronged you and sinned against God. I am going to make restitution by paying into the city treasury all the city paid me for my stock. If the grand jury should indict me I am going to plead guilty and take the consequences."

For the last minute or two the distressed lady had been silently weeping and trying to stifle her sobs with her handkerchief. Just as the penitent ceased speaking she gave the most frightful shriek I ever heard from human lips. She rose to her feet and turned into the aisle as if to leave the church and fell prone on the floor.

The penitent rushed to her (it was his wife), lifted the poor lady in his arms and carried her from the church to the parsonage next door. A number of friends accompanied them.

To say that the confession produced a sensation is to express it but feebly; the pastor of the church burst into tears, the evangelist took him into his arms; several men groaned

pitifully, one exclaimed, "My God, has the world come to an end!" Many ladies became hysterical.

The evangelist tried to offer a prayer, but broke down with the effort and dismissed the congregation with a benediction in broken tones.

My companion and I were almost overcome. We left the church arm in arm, too much disturbed for conversation. We walked to his door in silence, when he said, "My heart is too full to talk tonight," and I replied, "and mine." "Good night!" "Good night!"

I was never so upset by an occurrence during Divine Service in all my life. I could not think clearly. I could only pray for that man and his family.

The next day the city was seething with excitement over the capitalist's conversion and public confession of sin. There was a great variety of opinions on the subject. Some said he was a fool; some, that he was crazy; some, that "the Holy Spirit had 'snatched him as a brand from the burning;' " some, that it was a Divine signal to the community of the day "when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed," etc., etc., etc.

The clergy and most of the religious people of the community showed the man the utmost sympathy and encouragement.

A few days afterward the rector and I discussed the psychology and ethics of the remarkable conversion.

He thought the exceptional occurrence was explicable upon the theory that the penitent man had not been hardened by habitual sin, that he had never been quite comfortable over the fraud of the Chautauqua sale, and compunctions of conscience had prepared the man's soul for the strong impression the impassioned and spiritual preaching of the evangelist evidently made.

I replied, "No doubt there was a smoldering spark of the Divine fire that was fanned into flame by the heart-searching presentation of the Gospel, and that I had no doubt of the reality of the conversion."

The rector and I agreed that restitution is an essential part of repentance in such cases; but I thought that could have been done by an anonymous gift to the city, and that his public disclosure of the sin was not necessary to the acceptance of his repentence; that the man had no right to bring the disgrace and unhappiness to his family that his public confession produced.

The rector contended that the public confession of the sin was an essential part of the repentance, and that the humiliation of the penitent's family was just an instance of the mystery of vicarious suffering which runs all through life.

I believed then and I still believe that the penitent's branding his family with the disgrace of his sin was an unnecessary cruelty.

While the rector and I were discussing the question another city pastor came in. We told him of the subject under debate, and he said that he agreed with me that the public confession of the specific sin was not a necessary part of a genuine repentance, and was not necessary in order to make restitution. He went on to say that he thought the suffering that the man inflicted on his innocent family by the public disclosure of his crime indicated a morbid condition of mind that amounted to temporary insanity, and that he was apprehensive of a frightful reaction when the man recovered a normal condition of mind and realized the dreadful injury he had needlessly done his family.

The reader will naturally wish to know the sequel of the graft part of the story.

The penitent capitalist, the other Chautauqua stockholders, the mayor, the aldermen, and the city clerk were all indicted for defrauding the city.

At the trial the city clerk turned state's evidence and testified that there had been extensive graft in all the investments of the city in public utilities.

He was asked by the attorney for the mayor and aldermen whether he "shared in the graft," and he answered, "a mighty small share." The lawyer then asked him whether "the smallness of his share of the graft didn't make him mad." He replied, "It sure did."

The two aldermen who voted against the purchase of the Chautauqua plant were acquitted, and all the rest of the defendants were convicted. The capitalist and the other Chautauqua stockholders were each fined $1,000.00; the mayor and two of the aldermen were sent to the penitentiary for two years, and the city clerk was fined $100.00. The convicted officials were removed from office by the decree of the court.

After I returned home the old rector wrote me that at the next city election a very full vote was cast and good officers were elected.

He also told me that when the next legislature met the city charter was amended so, as to require a majority of the *registered* voters to approve of the issue of bonds for municipal utilities.

XIV.

VIEWS OF A FRENCH PROTESTANT.

During a long railroad journey one summer I found the most companionable person on the luxurious observation car was a French gentleman whom I shall call Mr. Edouard Grenet.

He was a highly educated man and remarkably well informed on the current affairs of Europe; and he had been a close student of the political and religious life of this country.

He thought De Toqueville was the greatest publicist of the nineteenth century, and often quoted from his "Democracy in America."

As my companion was a professor of the French language and literature in an American college, I supposed French and American literature would be the most interesting topics for our railroad conversation; but I was glad he took more interest in comparing the religious status of the two countries.

I was very desirous of learning from such a reliable source all I could of ecclesiastical affairs in France, and also to have an intelligent foreigner's views on the present aspect of religion in America.

Professor Grenet was a member of the Reformed Church of France. I asked him how he could account for the apparent sterility

of French Protestantism as compared with the growth and strength of the Protestant cause in Anglo-Saxon, Teutonic, and Scandinavian countries.

He replied that measured by spiritual power the Protestantism of France was superior to that of Germany and Denmark, and immeasurably stronger in every way than the Protestantism of Austria; although he admitted that the reform movement had never taken hold of the people in France as it had in England, Scotland, Sweden, and Norway. He thought the comparative weakness of Protestantism in France was chiefly attributable to the intellectual strength of atheism in that country, which was incomparably greater than it had ever been in the other countries of Europe; that Voltaire alone had done more to turn the anti-papal revolt into infidelity than all the shallow sophists of Great Britain, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries.

I asked him about "Gallicanism." He said, "Ecclesiastically it is dead, but as a latent sentiment of patriotic opposition to Vaticanism it is still a power; a few bishops, many of the parish priests and a majority of the Roman Catholic laity of France sympathize with the Republic's war on the political intrigues of the Jesuits.

I asked the Professor why it was that the "Old Catholic" movement had made such

little headway in France, and he said he thought the reason was that Dr. Dollinger, with all his learning and piety, had paralyzed the movement by traditionalism; that a half-way emancipation of the human soul did not appeal to Frenchmen. He said the "Modernist" cult was strong among French Romanists, but he feared it was tainted with skepticism, and lacked leadership and organization.

The Professor went on to give me a long and (to me) most interesting account of the Protestant Churches in France, but I am afraid that part of his discourse would not interest many of my readers. I am sure, however, that most of them will be glad to read a French thinker's opinion of the religious situation in the United States. I had some difficulty in eliciting his opinions on that subject as he said it seemed presumptuous for a stranger to express his views on such a difficult subject after only eight years' observation and reflection.

I told him he need have no fears on that score after a distinguished ecclesiastic from Italy told us all about our religious condition after eight weeks' glance at the surface of things.

"Well," said he, "if you will have my half-baked opinions, you must feel at liberty to combat them. They will at least have the value of detachment."

I asked the professor how the attitude of the Church of Rome in this country differed from its relation to European countries.

"That," said he, "is a large and multifarious question; for while, in some respects the relation of the Church of Rome to the civil government is the same in all countries, yet the policy of the Vatican in dealing with secular power is different in every country, and the ethical tone of Roman Catholicism is not the same in any two countries; for example, its unwritten code of morality in the United States and in South America is very different indeed."

"Well," said I, "to narrow the question very much, what seems to you to be the chief menace of the Church of Rome to the welfare of the American people?"

"I can answer that question unequivocally: her hostility to your public school system, and that danger would be negligible but for a great political evil. The influence of the public school system itself, a free press, and the power of Protestantism would render the Romanist enmity to the public schools nugatory but for the evil influence of the corrupt politician. The demagogue is ready at all times to betray the people by trading the votes he can control for a price.

"If Americans are vigilant enough to guard against the treason of the demagogue they have nothing to fear from Romanism; for time

and the progress of enlightenment are against it." The Professor went on to say: "I don't wish you to interpret my remark about the hostility of the Church of Rome to your public school system as implying conscious disloyalty to the country on the part of all Roman Catholics. I believe at least two bishops, many priests, and tens of thousands of Roman Catholic laymen are at heart patriotic Americans. Many Romanists who support their Church's insidious war on the free schools of the country are deceived by the sophistry and duplicity of leaders who are thoroughly disloyal to the country."

I asked my companion "How he was impressed with the character and influence of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country." He answered me very promptly, "Its influence in the country has been out of all ratio to its numerical strength. While full of missionary zeal and animated by a splendid passion for social service, it is constitutionally conservative. The Episcopal Church in the United States realizes more than any other church in the world, Cavour's ideal of a 'free church in a free state.'

"Only one danger menaces the vitality and future influence of your Church, and that is the toleration of error.

"A large majority of your clergy and laity are orthodox, but an active and growing minority are Christian only in name.

"The old leaders of the Broad Church party have a reputation for profound learning, and that gives a certain prestige to extreme men who have no real claim to scholarship. Their vagaries on the 'Higher Criticism' are positively amusing to a man who has gone through that pretentious cult, but the glitter of the fool's gold bewilders shallow divinity students. The tolerance of your Church is at once its strength and its weakness. The toleration of differences of opinion on all unessential matters is a note of a truly living Church, but the connivance at rank heresy is suicidal to a church built, as yours is, on Bible truth.

"Unless your General Convention meets this treason to her creeds very soon, she will split into two, perhaps three, fragments, or else decay."

I asked Professor Grenet's opinion of the vitality and future of the other religious communions of this country. He replied:

"I think the outlook of some of them is most hopeful, and some of them are doomed to extinction—as Christian Churches, simply because they are not Christian.

"The Methodist,—the greatest of the non-Episcopal Churches,—is essentially a pioneer, the Church of the proletariat, but its leaders have the wisdom to give their Church the habiliments of culture as its membership rises in the social scale. The only

danger threatening that Church is the possibility of its losing its primitive vigor from too much respectability."

I remarked, "The Presbyterian Church has lived a long time with a great deal of respectability;" and the Professor replied, "Yes, it was born in respectability, and has lived for three centuries on the earnestness with which it has held the doctrine of Predestination; but its ablest men have recently renounced Christian fatalism; and it is now a question whether a Church can flourish without a positive and distinctive creed. The only hope for the Presbyterians is a union with the Episcopalians."

"Well, Professor, the Congregationalists have never been much handicapped with Calvinism."

He replied, "No, they have not; but they have lacked unity of organization; and American Congregationalists lost their slogan, 'Down with State Prelacy!' when the colonies became an independent country, with no connection of Church and State.

"Congregationalism mostly runs to ethics and literature, but *de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"

And I replied, "*Requiescat in pace.*"

I asked the Professor his opinion of the prospects of the Baptist Church.

He said, "Its future is problematical. Its strength has lain in its honesty and consistency, but now its leading men no longer teach close

communion, and its thinkers have given up the dogma that immersion is necessary to salvation. Of course, its scholars never did use the childish interpretation of the Scriptures upon which the backwoods preachers relied in their contention that immersion is the only valid form of Baptism. The Disciples (or "Campbellites," as some call them) are suffering still more from the lack of a definite creed. That Church has been a 'catch-all' for unconverted Christians, though many of its members are converted disciples indeed. If a Campbellite will only 'go under the water,' and not have his baby baptized he may be a Swedenborgian, Christian Scientist, Unitarian, or Irvingite, and his brethren will never disturb him. It is the least influential Church in the world in ratio to its number of members."

"Professor, I think I can guess your opinion of Unitarianism from what you have already said."

"I dare say you may. The Unitarian Society, as a Church, is destitute of a faith, though many of the members are good, pious people.

"As a natural reaction against hyper-Calvinism it had quite a vogue, but as there is no longer any Calvinism in the world, the Unitarian Church has no *raison d'etre* except as a set of respectable clubs of skeptics."

I asked Professor Grenet's opinion of the status of the Lutheran Church, and he replied,

"Status is the word. That Church is marking time. Its stagnation is the consequence of the German people having abandoned the Christian Religion. Their 'Kultur' is the conquest of the world by Germany; and so far as they are capable of worship they worship the Kaiser, not because William II is a great man, but because he is the Head of the Empire. If the German people ever recover from that terrible obsession the Lutheran Church may become a great spiritual power, for its faith is built on the Rock.

Professor please tell me what you think of Christain Science'. "I can do that in a very few words. It is a sociological epidemic just as the Salem Witchcraft was. It is a psychological disease, and it will pass away in a few years without leaving a trace of its influence."

As we were nearing the point in our journey where we were to part, I said,—

"Professor, if we have time before we reach your station, I should like to have your opinion of Revivalism in this country."

He said, "I should need more than fifteen minutes to do justice to such a large subject, but I can give you a thought or two in a few words:

"Evangelism of the Moody type illustrates the power of the pure gospel even with-

out an ordained ministry; and the Bill Sunday type proves the power of even a fragment of the gospel, when preached with great earnestness, in spite of unconscious irreverence, ignorance of theology, and brutality of language."

In bidding Professor Grenet goodbye, I told him that our conversation had been very delightful and profitable to me, and I sincerely hoped that we should, at some time in the near future, meet again.

Perhaps I ought to add that I do not agree with Professor Grenet in all his opinions above expressed; but it would make the chapter too long to state my dissent from them.

XV.

LITTLE ROCK MEMORIES.

If I were writing a history of my ministry, I should devote a large part of it to my eight years' rectorship of Christ Church, Little Rock, Arkansas.

If I can appraise my own work it was the most eventful and fruitful part of my ministry; but as my life's work has not been of sufficient interest to justify the publication of its history I have written this book of reminisences; and I shall confine the record of my Little Rock experiences to a few odd happenings.

Still I cannot refrain from leaving on record an expression of my profound appreciation of the character of the men and women of that parish. In a time that "tried men's souls" and called for heroes and heroines, they were loyal to their pastor, true to their Church and faithful to God; and God has poured out blessings upon them abundantly.

It would offend the fine womanhood of the ladies of Christ Church if I were to name them individually in my praise of their piety and devotion. Many of that glorious band, "the matron and the maid," have gone to their reward, a reward that awaits their survivors. Of the men I could give a splendid list of Christian knights, living and dead, *sans peur*

et sans reproche. If, for lack of space, I shall mention only two, I think all will approve of the pre-eminence that I give them: John D. Adams and Richard H. Parham.

Major Parham is still living and his modesty forbids me now to dwell upon his virtues. In his old age he is enjoying the sweet contemplation of a well spent life; and I am sure that he is looking with full assurance for a glorious immortality.

Words fail me when I try to write a eulogy upon the character of Major Adams, *facile princeps* amongst a hundred splendid gentlemen. For courage, generosity, tenderness of heart, loyalty to friends, guilelessness of soul and humility before God, I have never known his equal. I loved him with an affection unutterable and undying.

If my gifted friend, Mrs. Ellen H. Cantrell, had not written the "*Annals of Christ Church Parish*," I should long ago have undertaken the pleasant task; but my effort would have fallen far short of her beautiful and judicious history. In this little book I shall content myself with the narration of a few pastoral experiences, which, in the nature of things, no one else could write.

If these pages should ever be read by those personally concerned, I have to remind them of that precious promise of God, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

I shall not mention the strangest and most tragical incident, for two reasons: First it is too strange to be believed by those who know nothing of the facts, and, second, a few living persons might possibly recognize some of the very peculiar circumstances, and thus identify the *dramatis personae.*

The first memory that I shall record I will call

HARD LINES.

One day a man came to me for help, but not alms. He only wanted advice, though I found that he needed money also. A few weeks previously he had been discharged from the penitentiary of a neighboring State, where he had served a term for a felony. He admitted his guilt and offered no extenuation of his crime. He had a certificate of the prison warden, commending him for good conduct during his entire term of imprisonment, which had been shortened for good behaviour, and a letter from a clergyman testifying to the man's "profession of religion," and expressing a belief in the genuineness of his conversion.

The man told me that although he was an experienced clerk and had learned a trade in prison he found it impossible to secure work. He said that in several instances where workmen were advertised for he had applied for the place; and, in every case, when he told the employer that he was an ex-convict, he was

refused work. "Now," said the man, "what am I to do? It seems that I must either beg, lie, or steal. I believe I could get work within twenty-four hours if I would say nothing about my crime and imprisonment, and when asked about my last job, would tell some plausible falsehood." No doubt this man's plight is that of many others.

It seems to me that the situation is one that calls for some organized system of providing work for ex-convicts who want to do right. Human society is surely at fault when a reformed criminal is obliged to beg, steal, lie or starve.

A WOULD-BE SUICIDE.

One rainy Sunday night, after service, as I was leaving the church I met a man just inside the front door, evidently waiting to speak to me. The sexton had extinguished all the lights but one; and by the dim light I at first mistook the man for a begger, no uncommon visitor after Sunday night service; but I soon saw that I was mistaken. When I drew nearer to the man I saw that his countenance was indescribably sad, almost desperate. Withal it was a handsome and intelligent face.

I accosted him with a pleasant, "Good evening." He did not return the salutation; evidently not from rudeness, but from preoccupation of mind.

In a few seconds he roused himself from his reverie and said: "Can you spare me a few minutes for a talk with you?" I replied: "Yes indeed, all the time you want; won't you come into the rectory next door?" He replied: "No, thank you, I will talk to you right here, if you please." I dismissed the sexton and invited my visitor to take a seat, which he did in the rear pew. I sat down beside him and said: "I see that you are troubled, what can I do for you?" He replied: "I am too wretched to live, may I burden you with my trouble?" "Certainly, "I said, "that is my office, to try to help people bear burdens." And then he told me that he was separated from his wife, who was living in a distant city; that he had no hope of a reconciliation, and that his life was a burden. He said: "I was on my way to the river to drown myself; I saw the light in the church, and dropped in for a minute just to say my last prayer. I thought, may be, I could pray better in church than on the river bank. Just as I took this back seat, in your sermon you said: 'God never allows any man to live one minute without a loving purpose that his life shall be a blessing to himself and others.' And I wondered whether that could possibly be true of my miserable life, and so I waited to see you and ask about it."

I talked with the man a long time and prayed with him. He told me his sad story;

there was, as usual, fault on both sides; but I cannot give the details for fear of disclosing the identity of the person; for it was quite out of the common path of human folly and weakness. I dwelt upon the wickedness and cowardice of suicide. (He seemed to be more impressed by what I said about the cowardice than the wickedness of it.)

I urged him to seek a reconciliation with his wife (though I had but little hope of it) and in any event to turn his thoughts away from his own unhappiness and try to make others happy. He asked me how he could do that; and I told him to try to find some man more wretched than himself, and be a friend to him; and he asked: "Could any man be more miserable than I?" "Oh, yes indeed", I replied, "a man whose wife has sacrificed her virtue must be much more unhappy than you.' "That is a fact", he said, "that would be a worse case than mine. Do you know such a case?" "No," I said, "I do not know of such a case amongst the living, but years ago I knew a man whose home was blighted in that way. He was the unhappiest man I ever knew; and yet that man never talked of suicide; but lived a lonely life of devoted piety and usefulness, until God called him to his rest."

My visitor seemed to be strengthened and comforted. He assured me that he had abandoned all thought of taking his own life,

that he would again seek a reconciliation with his wife, and try to live a life of self-sacrifice. He grasped my hand warmly, thanked me for the help I had given him, and bade me good bye.

Although I was very tired, I did not sleep much that night.

A PERPLEXING MARRIAGE.

One day I received a note from a lady stopping at one of our hotels. The composition bore all the marks of good breeding and sincerity: It asked me to call at my earliest convenience. I called promptly. She received me in her private parlor. She was evidently a lady, in the best sense of the word, and a highly intelligent one.

She said to me: "Mr. C. I was confirmed in the Episcopal Church a few years ago, though, I am ashamed to say, I have not attended service very regularly of late. I have felt unsettled and so miserable. My husband who is a travelling man is a member of no Church, but the best man I ever knew. He had married and been divorced before I met him. I should never have known any of the particulars but for his frank disclosure of his sad experience. His former wife must have been a monster in everything except in regard to the Seventh Commandment.

After several years of unspeakable misery my husband, as I said, was divorced. Al-

though he alone had cause for divorce he chivalrously allowed her to bring the suit and obtain the divorce from him. I did not know until recently that our Church forbids the marriage of such divorced persons; nor did my husband know of that law of the Church. The clergyman who married us had known us but for a short time, knew nothing of my husband's first marriage, and asked us no question on that subject; and we told him nothing about it, because we did not know of the law of the Church.

Now I know that my marriage to my husband was not lawful, and yet—and yet—and yet my husband and I love each other very, very dearly. The thought of separation is heartbreaking. My husband will not hear to a divorce, if indeed one could be obtained on merely ecclesiastical grounds: What shall I do? Please tell me whether, as a Christian woman, I am bound to give up my husband?"

I need hardly say that I was perplexed. The law of the Church was clear enough, but it seemed a terrible thing to separate a loving pair who had innocently contracted an unlawful marriage.

I asked the unhappy lady whether she had any children; she answered with deep feeling: "Thank God, No!"

I told her I must have time to think over it and pray over it, before I could give her my opinion in the matter. After a week's prayer-

ful reflection my mind was made up. I felt that I must advise the unfortunate couple that they were not lawful husband and wife, and that it was their duty to separate.

When I went to give them my advice, they had gone away, and the hotel proprietor did not know where. They were in the parish only a few weeks, and had made no acquaintances. I never heard from them again and so I can only conjecture what they did with their distressing problem.

From that day I have never married strangers without asking them whether either of them have ever been married before. In two cases, divorce was an impediment; but in both cases they easily found other ministers to perform the rite. Of course, they were not Episcopal ministers.

XVI.

"THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR."

For my vacation one summer I took a fishing trip to one of the lake regions of Wisconsin, and there met an old friend whom I had not seen for many years: For obvious reasons I shall give him a fictitious name—Alexander McCulley—and similarly disguise the real names of all the persons and places mentioned in the narrative.

After McCulley was tired of fishing (he was not a devout disciple of Isaac Walton), he begged me to visit him in his home.

I accordingly spent several days in the enjoyment of his and his lovely wife's hospitality.

Their home was in a picturesque village on the west side of a beautiful little sheet of water which I shall call Lake Foyle.

McCulley was engaged in the copper mining business, and seemed to be quite prosperous. He was a well educated man, of good raising and sterling Christian character.

His wife was a charming woman, of cultivated mind, gracious manners and unaffected piety. They had no children, but seemed to possess everything else to make a married couple happy.

Whilst I was visiting the McCulleys I met his partner, a Mr. Thomas Frazier, who

took supper with us one evening. He was a bachelor, a man of affable manners and a countenance that commanded my confidence.

After some pleasant discourse on topics of general interest, I turned the conversation to copper mining, eager, as my habit was, to get any information at first hand.

The only thing thus developed that had any bearing on this narrative was the disclosure of the happy adaptation of the talents of each partner to the lacking of the other, and their consequent mutual dependence.

Frazier was the practical miner and McCulley was the financier of the firm.

McCulley remarked to me that the death of Frazier would ruin the business; and the latter responded, "McCulley's death would most surely be fatal to it."

The next evening I met another acquaintance of the McCulleys, a Mr. Emil Hoffman. He was the prosecuting attorney for that judicial district; quite a man of the world, but not a "born gentleman." He lived in the county seat a few miles from the village and was, it seemed, a frequent caller at the McCulleys. I think music rather than innate congeniality was the bond of intimacy. Hoffman had a remarkably fine voice and Mrs. McCulley was a gifted pianist. She always played Hoffman's accompaniments. McCulley neither played nor sang, but was a very appreciative listener. I enjoyed the concert

very much though most of the instrumental music was beyond my limited musical culture. They all politely laughed at me when I said I didn't like Wagner because he "was too noisy."

After my visit to the McCulleys, I went over to the eastern side of Lake Foyle for the better fishing on that side. While camping out some miles from the summer visitors' hotel, I fell in with a company of Chicago teachers who were roughing it for their health. They brought me the distressing news that the day before they left the village Alexander McCulley had lost his life by drowning in Lake Foyle.

I immediately broke camp and hired a fisherman to take me over to the village in his little boat. I went at once to see Mrs. McCulley.

I found her prostrated with grief. After a brave effort to control her feelings she told me the circumstances of her husband's death.

On the fatal day Mr. McCulley having a business appointment on the eastern side of Lake Foyle, had undertaken to go over in his little sail boat with his French Canadian servant as sailor—one Ruel Danton by name. Mr. McCulley not returning before sunset, as he expected, Mrs. McCulley became anxious and telephoned the man with whom her husband had the appointment and asked him whether Mr. McCulley had started home.

He replied that Mr. McCulley had not been there that day. Now thoroughly alarmed, Mrs. McCulley asked Mr. Frazier to take some good sailors and go in search of her husband's boat. She now remembered that shortly after Mr. McCulley had started to cross the lake a sudden wind had sprung up, but Mr. Frazier had allayed her fears by telling her that the wind was not strong enough to endanger a boat with furled sails.

The searchers found McCulley's boat upside down near the middle of the lake. Danton was found in a fisherman's cabin on the eastern shore of the lake in an exhausted condition.

When he recovered from his prostration he said that a squall struck the boat and upset it before they could furl the sail; and that after trying in vain to right the boat they both started to swim for the eastern shore; that when he reached the shore Mr. McCulley was nowhere to be seen, and that unless he turned and swam for the western shore he must have been drowned.

The next day upon dragging the middle of the shallow lake McCulley's body was found. There was a bruise on the side of the head as if it had struck the gunwale as the boat capsized; which seemed to explain the drowning, for McCulley was an exceptionally fine swimmer.

I did all I could to comfort McCulley's widow; and had an interview with Frazier

about McCulley's estate. He told me that he intended to wind up the business as soon as he could without serious loss, and that Mrs. McCulley's share of the proceeds would afford her a comfortable support even without the life insurance that her husband had left her.

After bidding Mrs. McCulley a sorrowful farewell I returned to my fishing on the other side of the lake.

Several weeks afterwards the old keeper of the inn where I stopped when the weather was too inclement for comfortable camping out told me that a few days before a guest of his, a Mr. Janson, told him that he had just come from a lumber-camp in Canada where he had seen Mr. McCulley's French Canadian servant under peculiar circumstances; that he met him on the public road one evening about dusk, that he instantly recognized him and said, "Hallo, Ruel! What are you doing up here?" That Danton seemed frightened and did not reply, but slunk away into the woods. Janson had not then heard of McCulley's death, and thought nothing of Danton's strange behavior until afterwards.

The next day Danton was taken violently ill with some fever and Janson went to see him. The moment he entered the sick man's room he shrieked out, "There he is! Give him the

money! It is in my belt under the mattress! Catch him! Keep him off!" And then screamed again as if in great terror.

As his presence seemed to excite the sick man, Janson withdrew.

An Englishman who was nursing the patient afterward told Janson that Danton in his delirium repeatedly said that he killed a man and threw his body into Lake Foyle, that he was paid one hundred dollars for the job, and that the murdered man's ghost was after him. Danton did not mention the name of the man that he said he killed, nor the name of the person who had hired him to commit the crime.

Janson spoke of it to the physician in charge of Danton's case; he told Janson that the patient was suffering from an attack of acute dementia partly attributed to hard drinking, that he thought he would recover and might never have another attack if he would stop drinking.

The doctor made light of Danton's confession of crime and said that it was a common form of delirium in such cases. Janson said he dismissed the matter from his mind until returning to the inn he heard of McCulley's death, when he thought he would better mention the lumber-camp episode. He accordingly told the old inn-keeper, who, knowing that I had been a warm friend of McCulley's, told me.

"It is a curious fact, said the old innkeeper, "that Janson bears a striking resemblance to McCulley, though he is a thinner man and has not as much color as McCulley had."

I immediately went over to the village and told Frazier of Janson's story.

He was deeply interested, but said he did not think Danton had killed McCulley; that he could have no motive but robbery or the hire of assassination; that McCulley was known never to carry any large sum of money on his person, and that he knew of no enemy of McCulley's who would want him killed; and if there were such a monster in the neighborhood, he would be insane to employ as stupid instrument as Danton.

While I was asking Frazier about Danton's habits, he seemed to be absent minded and instead of answering my inquiry about Danton's character, he said, "While we have been talking about the possibility of some one hiring Danton to kill McCulley, a suspicion has come into my mind. There is one man in this neighborhood who might imagine that he would be benefited by McCulley's death. I believe him to be an unprincipled man, but I don't believe he is bad enough to commit cold-blooded murder."

I asked him who it was that he suspected, and he replied that his grounds for the suspicion were too slight to justify him in men-

tioning a name, but that he should employ a detective to probe the matter to the bottom.

I then asked Frazier if he thought we would better consult Hoffman, and he said, "I have not much confidence in Hoffman, but as he represents the State I suppose it is our duty to tell him the Janson story;" which I agreed to do.

When I rose to go, he said, "I shall not depend on Hoffman's detective, for he is a humbug if not a fraud."

I then went to see Hoffman and told him what the inn-keeper had told me of Janson's story.

He said, "Janson ought to have told me, and no one else, when he returned from Canada, for if there is anything in the tale except the raving of a delirious man Danton may hear of our suspicions and elude our pursuit. Whilst I don't think there is anything in it, I shall put a detective on Danton's track."

I asked Hoffman whether McCulley had any enemy who was at all likely to wish him dead, and he replied, "Not that I know of, and I think I should know it if McCulley had an enemy. I was pretty intimate with him; being a bachelor and having no home of my own I enjoyed the McCulleys' hospitality very much, and I never heard him mention any one's hostility. At the same time a circumstance of recent occurrence might suggest to a cynical mind that one

person had a motive for wishing for McCulley's death. Do you know McCulley's partner?" I told him that I had met him. "Well, McCulley and Frazier a few weeks ago had their lives insured for each other for a very large sum; but, of course, to you and me it is unthinkable that a man like Frazier could be guilty of such a crime."

I said, "I am sure he could not, and I can give a good reason for that mutual insurance; McCulley and Frazier both told me that the success of their business depended upon their mutual help, and that the death of either might bring financial disaster to the other. It was natural, therefore, that under those circumstances they should utilize life insurance for their mutual protection."

"Yes, of course, that is the true explanation of it," said Hoffman.

"Besides," said I, "aside from the moral impossibility of a man of Frazier's character murdering his partner for his life insurance, there is the enormous improbability that a man of Frazier's intelligence would employ an ignorant French Canadian to commit the crime; the instrument is too crude and dangerous."

"Now, I don't agree with you there," said Hoffman. "Of course it is unbelievable that Frazier murdered his partner, but a man bad enough to hire an assassin to kill a man could scarcely do better than employ a French

Canadian of the low class. They are very subtle and secret and the hardest people in the world to wring a confession from, and they have a remarkable sense of loyalty to a *particeps criminis*. In all my experience as a prosecuting attorney, I have never succeeded in inducing a French Canadian defendant to turn State's evidence. For all that, I don't believe any one hired Danton to kill McCulley; if Danton did it he committed the crime of his own accord and for robbery or revenge. A French Canadian is as revengeful as an Indian; but I can't imagine any reason that Danton could have for revenge on McCulley. He was a very just man and peculiarly kind to his employees. Still we shall get after Danton and if he did kill McCulley, we shall get it out of him."

Before leaving the lake country for my home, I went to bid Mrs. McCulley goodbye, and while on that side of the lake I called on Frazier and Hoffman to learn what progress they had made in their investigation of Danton's case.

Hoffman told me that he sent a detective to the lumber-camp in Canada where Janson saw Danton, but could not track him any further with any certainty, but that hearing he had gone to Alaska he wrote the United States District Attorney there to put his detective on Danton's trail, but had not yet heard from him.

When I saw Frazier he told me that his detective had gone to the lumber-camp and found that Danton had left there shortly after his recovery from his illness, some said to Alaska, some said to Manitoba, and some said to Quebec, that the detective believed that the mention of Alaska and Manitoba was a blind and so he went on to Quebec in quest of him; there he learned that Danton had been in Quebec, but that he had gone north from there and that he was still searching for him. Frazier asked me to please not to mention to Hoffman anything about his search for Danton. I thought it rather a queer request, but I agreed to comply with it.

A few months after I returned home, Frazier wrote me that Hoffman had begun to call on Mrs. McCulley very frequently, that she discouraged his visits, that he was so persistent that she finally refused to see him; that Hoffman seemed to be so insanely in love with Mrs. McCulley that some of his intimate friends advised him that he was ruining whatever chances he might have had for winning her by his premature courtship; that a lady of Mrs. McCulley's refinement must view with abhorrence the thought of receiving a lover's attentions so soon after her husband's death.

Frazier went on to tell me, in his letter, that his detective finally found Danton in a camp on Lake St. John; he told Danton he knew he killed McCulley, that McCulley's ghost told him all about it; how that Danton struck him in the side of the head with the oar and then threw him into the lake, that he purposely upset the boat and then swam ashore; and that McCulley's ghost was coming after him that night to take him to purgatory. The detective told him that he knew who paid him a hundred dollars to commit the crime. Whereupon Danton confessed the whole thing, and told the detective that if he would keep McCulley's ghost away he would go back to Wisconsin and tell all about it.

Frazier said that two days ago the detective arrived with Danton, who made an affidavit charging Hoffman with having hired him to kill McCulley just in the way the detective supposed he had done, that Hoffman was arrested and lodged in prison and committed suicide that night.

Danton was tried, convicted and sentenced to prison for life.

Verily, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

XVII.

ST. MARY'S HALL INCIDENTS.

Some times I have been tempted to write a history of St. Mary's Hall, San Antonio, Texas, for the delectation of its present, future and former pupils. Indeed, during the twelve years that I was principal of that school I gathered from various sources some historical data of the times before my own. I am especially indebted to Mr. James Dureya Stevenson for some precious mementoes of his sister's heroic work, and Bishop Elliott's forethought in establishing the school. I added to it my testimony in regard to Bishop Johnston's laborious care for the school.

All that material I filed in the archives of the Alumnae Association, to await the vitalizing touch of some future historian of the school.

I wish to record here a tribute to the memory of the first principal of St. Mary's Hall, Miss Philippa Stevenson. I have never known such an active mind, powerful will and consecrated spirit in so frail a body. The Alumnae of St. Mary's Hall did well to place a stained glass window in the chapel of the school to express their reverence for her memory. The subject is the woman's dedication to the Saviour of the alabaster box of precious ointment, with this text of scrip-

ture: "She hath done what she could." Eternity will reveal how much that was.

I shall add to this slight tribute and to the chronicles I have deposited in the Archives of the Alumnae Association, a few episodes in my connection with the school. They may, perhaps, lend variety to the record.

THE CYCLONE

It was on the night of May 7th, 1900 that the cyclone struck San Antonio. There was some damage done to many buildings in the city, but there was only one serious loss, the wrecking of the uncompleted San Antonio Loan and Trust Company's building.

The cyclone was more terrifying than destructive to St. Mary's Hall. It struck us about midnight. The electric light wires were thrown down and thus our principal source of light was cut off.

My sleeping apartment at that time was on the first floor; I was awakened by the storm, and felt the impact of the wind as it struck the building. The next moment I heard a crash; and then a wild tumult of voices and shrieks of terror. Without waiting completely to dress, I hurriedly put on a bath robe and slippers and ran into the hall.

A crowd of girls in all degrees of uncompleted toilet were rushing down the stairs in wild panic; amongst them a young lady teacher, holding a lighted candle in a trembling hand. She was trying most bravely to tranquilize the pupils, but her face and voice betrayed her own terror.

Some of the pupils declared that the whole roof of the house was blown off; others screamed that the walls of the third story were blown in, and all the teachers and pupils on that floor killed: One young lady, and she a member of my class in logic, shouted vehemently: "We are all killed—every last one of us!" That wild exclamation gave me an opportunity to try a psycological diversion; and I remarked as calmly as I could. "Why, my child, you are the noisiest dead girl I ever saw in my life."

By that time the rest of the teachers and the ladies of my family had joined in the whirlpool of excitement.

I addressed the crowd in the steadiest voice I could command: "Ladies, if you will excuse my unconventional attire and come to the library, I will tell you all about it." Other candles were lighted, and I called the roll, so as to know where to look for any missing member of the household. They were all there and not one of them hurt. I offered up a prayer of thanksgiving, and went exploring.

I found that two chimneys had been blown over, one clear into the yard and the other onto the roof, crashing through it, but not through the ceiling below. That was all the damage we suffered, not counting jarred nerves.

Reading over what I have written above I think I may have made the impression on the reader that I boasted of my equanimity; so I will be frank, and confess that I was a little frightened. I will, however, say this in extenuation of my lack of tranquility, that the crashing of that chimney through the roof was the most awful sound I ever heard.

THE TIME OF THE YELLOW FEVER.

In October 1903, a few weeks after school opened, dengue was very prevalent in San Antonio. Indeed it amounted almost to an epidemic. None of our household were attacked. The yellow fever was epidemic in many places in Mexico, and several cases were under treatment in Laredo, Texas, about one hundred and fifty miles from San Antonio.

I was in a very thankful frame of mind over the exemption of the school from all ailments; but my gladness was soon turned into anxiety, by the sudden illness of a lady teacher. Our excellent physician suspected

yellow fever, but before announcing his opinion called in consultation the State Health Officer, and also the physician in charge of the U. S. Marine Hospital in Galveston. These experts confirmed our doctor's diagnosis.

Upon that indubitable information my first impulse was to send all the boarding pupils home, and excuse all the teachers; but the State Health Officer anticipating such action on my part forbade it, fearing that the pupils' returning home might spread the disease all over Texas. After consulting the Bishop I submitted to the mandate of authority, but felt it to be my duty to tell the parents of my pupils the facts as I knew them, which I did very promptly. All but twelve of the boarding pupils were removed by their parents before the quarantine shut the city off from all contact with the outside world. Meanwhile I had, of course, suspended the attendance of the day pupils.

As soon as the doctors pronounced our case of illness yellow fever, I assembled the teachers in the library for a conference. Up to this time no one in the house except the matron and myself suspected that we had the dreaded malady under our roof, and so the teachers were wholly unprepared for my announcement.

I broke it to them as tactfully as I could but it was like the explosion of a bomb shell

in camp. Startled and alarmed as they naturally were, they behaved admirably. Although the situation was grave enough it was not without its amusing features. The youngest teacher, a young lady of exceedingly fine character, gave way to a burst of weeping, moved by her sympathy for her mother, whose anxiety she anticipated; I tried to comfort her and break the gloom that had settled down on all present; and when the emotional young teacher wailed, "Oh my mother! My poor dear mother!" I said to her "Why, my child, the yellow fever mosquito can't possibly fly to the mountains of North Carolina" (where the mother lived). "I assure you that your dear mother is not in the least danger of the disease." I was relieved to see her smile through her tears. Another teacher, to prove that she was brave enough for pleasantry said "I don't mind anything about it so much as the stopping of our pay." "Oh", I assured her "your pay shall not stop, so we shall call this a holiday on full pay." Which produced a few more smiles.

"Now", said I, "ladies, I want you all to act like major generals when I call the pupils in and tell them"; and they did.

Of course I employed a special nurse for our patient, removed everyone else from the part of the building she occupied, and screened the doors and windows.

Our patient recovered, and no one else in the house took the disease. I think there can be no doubt that our case originated from the sting of a mosquito that had stung some one who contracted the disease in Mexico or Laredo and died in San Antonio without any one recognizing the disease. I think there is not the remotest danger of the malady ever appearing in San Antonio again.

St. Marys' Hall has had an extraordinary health record.

I am rejoiced to hear that the school has entered upon a new period of great prosperity and usefulness. As I am no longer connected with the school, I can say without immodesty that I believe it is one of the best schools for girls in the world.

XVIII.

SUICIDE OF THE SOUL.

So much is being written nowadays on the subject of the super-normal and the sub-normal that I think I may as well offer my contribution to the symposium.

The most sensational manifestation of the occult in our day is what is preposterously called Christian Science. I shall not undertake to expose the ignorance, bad logic and presumption of Eddyism; that has been well done by others, notably by the Rev. Dr. R. H. McKim, and by the famous Mark Twain. The harm that the cult has done to the bodies, minds and souls of its victims is appalling.

Hypnotism is another fertile field that has been overworked. I shall not in this place try to sift the bushel of charlatanism from the grain of truth. The whole subject of sub-consciousness has been admirably treated by the late Professor William James, the Rev. Dr. Elwood Worcester and the distinguished Dr. DuBois of Switzerland.

What I shall try to illustrate from my pastoral experience is *sinister will domination*, resulting in moral suicide. That subject has been absurdly exploited by novelists. I wish to put myself on record as totally rejecting the theory that any virtuous, honest person

can be corrupted by any knave, without some conscious, culpable yielding on the part of the victim.

Undoubtedly the mind through the nervous system has a powerful influence over pathological conditions; that principle is as old as the writings of Hypocrates; and I feel sure that psyco-therapy in the hands of a conscientious physician or a master of psychology is a valuable remedial agent in cases of hypochondria and like maladies, but a dangerous practice in the hands of amateurs.

In this place I am concerned only with the ethical side of the subject. I could give a score of instances tending to prove the reality of sinister will domination, but I shall confine myself to one. I have selected it out of many cases because it is the only one that I can narrate without the possibility of disclosing the identity of the person concerned.

Many years ago a man and wife moved into my parish bringing me a formal letter of transfer. They had only recently been married. It was evident, even to a casual observer, that the husband was a person of more native refinement than the wife, though she was carefully conventional. A close observer could also easily see a difference of disposition. He was evidently the gentler and more unselfish of the two. An intimate acquaintance disclosed some radical contrasts of character.

The husband was a man of average intelligence, good education and rather distinguished manners; whilst he was not possessed of a very strong will, his principles were sound and he appeared to be thoroughly conscientious. He was a fairly successful business man with a comfortable, not to say large, income.

The wife had no dowry. She was called a beautiful and fascinating woman. If regular features and a fine figure constitute beauty, and vivacious manners and fluency of speech are sufficient to make a woman fascinating, then she was entitled to the double compliment; but to me she was not truly beautiful. There was an expression of cruelty about the eyes and mouth; and something in her manners and voice that was distinctly repellant to me. I was slow in analyzing the lady's character because she was always gracious and tactful.

It was not until I spent several weeks with the couple in the same hotel, at a summer resort, that I saw enough of them to form a positive opinion. During that time I discovered that she was an extremely vain woman, and unscrupulously extravagant in gratifying her passion for fine dress; worse still, she was heartlessly tyrannical toward her husband.

The wife's passion for display consumed the greater part of the husband's income, and at last exceeded it; debt was incurred that it was impossible for him to pay.

I cannot give the details of the gradual transformation of the husband's character without revealing his identity to persons still living; I must therefore describe it in general terms.

It is only just to say that there was a struggle. At first he remonstrated with his wife and tried to check her folly. I was the unwilling witness of one such effort. At the summer resort mentioned, one night I was the only person on the hotel veranda, sitting in the shadow of a big vine. The husband and wife came along the veranda earnestly talking in a low tone. I did not suppose their conversation was of a private character until they came close enough for me to hear him say, "My Darling, we cannot possibly afford it. Don't you know you are asking me to coin my heart's blood for your pleasure?" I was glad they passed by without knowing that I overheard that terrible remark.

For awhile the husband seemed very unhappy over his financial straits, but finally he grew quite reckless. His wife's tyranny, at one time, seemed to humiliate him; but he grew less and less sensitive to the chains of domestic slavery.

His business suffered from his broken spirit, and the wife's demands grew as the husband's resources declined. His resistance became feebler and feebler until *her will completely dominated his.* He became a moral puppet, and did her wicked bidding almost as a machine obeys the hand of the machinist. A remarkable feature of the wretched man's decay of character is the fact that almost until the last his moral obliquity and paralysis of will seemed to extend only to the demands of the wife. In all affairs that had no connection with his wife's wishes, he seemed for a long time to preserve his integrity and his normal volition.

I am not sure that I am psychologist enough to trace all the factors that entered into this abnormal case: No doubt the man's passionate love for the woman operated powerfully, and I think his neglect of the ordinances of religion was one cause of his loss of moral resolution; and probably more obscure factors entered into the man's undoing.

It is not permissible for me to mention the particular form of the catastrophe that closed this domestic tragedy; suffice it to say that it was a frightful illustration of the dire consequences of any one yielding ever so slightly, to the influence of another's strong and wicked will.

Whether that husband ever could have remoulded his wife's character I do not know; but I am very sure that at one stage of the slow dying of his will he could have arrested the moral decay, and successfully resisted the wife's baneful influence. *I have known of several such moral victories.*

I have in course of preparation another book, in which I shall treat moral suggestion and cognate topics, as a part of social science.

With the late Professor William James I am confident that we are on the eve of a great advance in applied psychology.

SUPPLEMENTAL

Some years ago, after numerous requests, I published, in pamphlet form, two discourses: one a Thanksgiving Day Sermon preached in the Auditorium of the Southwestern Normal School at San Marcos, Texas; the other the substance of six brief talks to men, in St. Marks Church, San Antonio, Texas, on the subject of the Supernatural in Religion. Both had a pretty wide circulation, and are now out of print. Frequent calls for the brochures induce me to reprint them in this volume.

W. C.

XIX

CHRIST OR BARABBAS

"And they cried out all at once: 'Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas."—LUKE XXIII, 18.

It is a good custom for Christian people to meet together once a year, as citizens, to thank God for His temporal blessings.

As a country, as a state and as a local community we have much to be thankful for. God has blessed us with abundant prosperity, not only in the fruits of the earth and the rewards of general industry, but also in the recent quickening of the public conscience in regard to the great wrongs that capitalists have so flagrantly perpetrated during the past few years.

Admist all these blessings I think that a genuine gratitude will be mixed with anxiety, lest we may lose some of the things that we think we prize so highly. History is full of warnings,—that God may take away blessings that are not duly appreciated. Our blessings may be imperilled and impaired by the evil that ever accompanies the good in this world.

I think we are prone to attribute the prosperity of this country too much to our excellent form of government.

There can be no doubt, whatever, that the Federal Constitution and our several

State Constitutions, which the wisdom of our fore-fathers bequeathed to us, are safe-guards of liberty, and have contributed richly to the glory of this land. But I fear that these admirable charters of civil life are not absolute guaranties of the perpetual peace and prosperity of the country.

Even a superficial reading of history will teach us that there is no such inherent virtue in the republican form of government as some Americans complacently attribute to it.

We have but to recall Athens and the Achean league, Consular Rome and the first French Republic in order to confute the assumption that a republican form of government cannot decay and die of corruption.

I think a careful study of history will teach us that it is not so much the form of government that insures the prosperity of any country, as the influence of Christianity.

If it be argued that the first French Republic was a part of Christendom, I reply that the animus of that movement was nevertheless essentially anti-Christian.

On the other hand, we see the influence of Christianity giving personal liberty and a high degree of prosperity to a Constitutional Monarchy in England.

If it appears that we owe the success of our government, if we owe the safety of the very foundations of society to the Chris-

tian religion, good citizenship demands Christian faith and practice.

The very corner stone of our government is a Christian idea, viz: the equal right of all men to the benefits of the social compact, which grows naturally out of the equal rights of all men under the Gospel: and the ideal citizenship at which all free governments aim is essentially a Christian principle, and that is—the duty of every man to contribute his utmost effort for the common good. The social code of Christ is the only one that gives any hope of a reconciliation of the conflicting claims of individualism and the State.

All God's gifts to society involve the obligation of preserving and transmitting them; it is at once the instinct of paternity and the dictate of patriotism. We are not only the beneficiaries of our civil and social blessings, we are their custodians also. We have no right selfishly to enjoy and lose what God has given us to transmit to posterity. Our National blessings, like all good things on this earth, are liable to suffer loss from evil influences.

I believe that there is an evil influence in our day, which is undermining the foundations of social order and civil liberty—an evil that is forcing an issue upon the friends of Christian civilization—an issue between Christ and Anarchy. The words of the text foreshadowed this issue.

The record of our Lord's trial and crucifixion is full of profoundly significant lessons; lessons for the citizen as well as for the Church member; for the statesman, no less than for the ecclesiastic. There seemed to be compressed into the events of that awful Friday, an epitome of the world's history.

Amongst the significant stages of the sublime tragedy, there is one scene which particularly affords instruction to Christian citizens.

It was when the cruel mockery of a trial was well nigh concluded: the subtle charges of the Sanhedrin had been presented, the false witnesses had given their infamous testimony, the Divine man had suffered the mocking, the buffeting, the spitting. It was evident that the noble prisoner was innocent, and yet the procurator hesitated. The Jewish leaders were present with their threatening intimations of complaint to the Emperor,—"If thou let this man go, thou art not Caesar's friend!" and a clamorous rabble was there brewing tumult. Thus menaced, the governor is irresolute, and seeks to escape the responsibility of either convicting or acquitting the accused.

It was the custom to release some prisoner upon the occasion of the festival then being celebrated; and so Pilate asked, "Whom will ye, that I release unto you—Barabbas or Jesus?" Which would they choose for

executive clemency—the embodiment of virtue, or the robber, the murderer, the mover of sedition? "And they cried out all at once. saying away with this man and release unto us Barabbas!" What was the meaning of that cry? Why away with the Messiah, the hope of Isreal, and claim pardon for a criminal?

The men composing the crowd had, in common with the whole Jewish people been long expecting that Messiah; but they expected a temporal Messiah, a second Joshua —a royal leader who could emancipate them from Roman subjugation.

They had indulged in dreams of a return of the halcyon days when the "land flowed with milk and honey."

But, all these hopes of material prosperity as the largesses of the Messiah were doomed to disappointment.

The meek and lowly Jesus, teaching that His Kingdom was not of this world, was not what they were looking for.

A Messiah sanctioning the paying of tribute money to Caesar was to their minds preposterous in the last degree. There was no encouragement in that kind of Messianic wisdom, to attack and pillage the palaces of Herod and Pilate. In a word, the Saviour, when his doctrine was known, was not "popular with the masses." But that was not all; Jesus not only disappointed their sordid expectations, but he exasperated them.

"Whosoever shall humble himself as a little child, the same shall be greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven"—was offensive to their gross, hard natures. The whole teaching of Christ on the subject of social duties rebuked the spirit of envy, covetousness and violence; and these feelings toward the Romans were deepseated in the Jewish heart.

These people were eager enough to follow Jesus when the loaves and fishes were being handed around; and, it is recorded that "the common people heard him gladly" when he was denouncing the ostentation and selfishness of the aristocratic Scribes and Pharisees; and, yet these same "common people" permitted themselves to be instigated by those same Aristocrats to destroy the Saviour.

Here, then, was the meaning of that shout—"Away with this man, release unto us Barabbas!" The ignorant, vicious members of that society were filled with murderous rage because their coarse selfishness was disappointed, and because their brutal natures were rebuked by the exquisite loveliness of Christ's character.

And, as quite a matter of course, this stupid, blind rage of the populace was taken advantage of by the more cunning enemies of the Lord, who hated Him because they could not use Him for their own aggrandizement; and these combined forces assail the integrity of the cowardly and tyrannical

Pilate: and so these anti-Christian forces of Jerusalem succeed in perpetrating the pre-eminent crime of all history. They "Crucify the Lord of Glory."

The voice of the mob that howled for the crucifixion of Christ was the prophetic ante type of modern Anarchism—the spirit that impels a certain class of men to hate all other men who have more property, or culture than themselves. The fullest expression of which spirit we have had in modern times was the first French Revolution. That spasm of social delirium was the manifestation of a disease of society: a disease that is in the blood of all aggregations of men, in all times and amongst all nations; all it needs for its most virulent outbreak is a depression of the general moral health of society.

I think there are many signs that modern society is in danger of a fresh paroxysm of the spirit that crucified Christ, and that precipitated the first French revolution. It is entirely possible that we shall have all the horrors of the "reign of terror" upon us. We may yet witness the overthrow of lawful authority, bread riots, and demolition of public buildings.

We, who are now living, may see our streets literally flow with blood as did those of brilliant Paris. We may see brave men and lovely women slaughtered for the single offense of gentility.

We may, as did Christian Frenchmen, see the Christian religion abolished by legislative decree and a representative of impurity enthroned upon a desecrated altar, like the hideous sacrilege at Notre Dame: For that is the spirit of Anarchism, the spirit that cried for Barabbas to be turned loose.

Are not many of the labor strikes that have been accompanied by blood shed, evidence of a mixture of this spirit with the just and righteous indignation of those who have suffered oppression? I thoroughly sympathize with the Labor Unions in their lawful efforts at self-protection, but when they undertake, by violence, to prevent non-union men from working for whatever wage they please, and when they undertake to destroy the property of the employer, then those members of the Labor Unions become criminals, and the worst enemies of Liberty.

We are apt to flatter ourselves that organized Anarchism is not likely to make any headway in this country, seeing that our popular form of government permits the vicious elements of society to express their discontent through the ballot box. So far from being a safe-guard, universal suffrage is a source of imminent danger, because the Anarchists, after their sporadic efforts are checked will aim to get control of the machinery of the government so as to do their destructive work through the forms of law;

and that danger plainly enough indicates the duty of all Christian citizens and friends of civilization.

We ought not to rely too confidently upon the ballot as the bulwark of Popular government when we think of the character of the men frequently elected to public office and the apathy of respectable citizens when any crying reform is urged.

But what if the spirit of Barabbas fail (as we most devoutly hope and pray it may fail)permanently to obtain possession of the government through the peaceful instrumentality of the ballot box, what then? Why then the spirit of Anarchism organized as a party will disclose its genuine character with knife and torch and dynamite bomb.

And now, my Christian brethren, in view of this impending evil what is the duty of Christian citizenship?

The first and most obvious duty of Christian citizens is to take care that the seditious elements have no just cause of complaint. It is useless to deny that the working classes, good and bad, have had cause for complaint. Soulless corporations have oppressed labor; vulgar millionaires have flaunted their stolen wealth in the faces of outraged communities.

It is a disgrace to civilized society that any man should posses a hundred million dollars, while thousands of his fellowmen are

working for a dollar a day. There must be a remedy for these wrongs, and it is the duty of Christian citizens to see that the remedy is found and applied.

But after legislation has done its utmost, the greater part of the evil will remain, because Anarchism is a disease of the aggregate heart of mankind: if it be allowed to develop it will vent its frantic love of destruction without just cause. We need not only remedial measures, but preventive measures.

One thing that some of us can do to check the development of Anarchism is to exclude its authors and advocates from good society. There is a peculiar power in social ostracism, which has a right use as well as a cruelly wrong use. It is a right use of it to draw a sharp, clear line against all who provoke sedition by wronging the poor, and all who cater to the rabble for the sake of office or gain.

The greatest enemy of democracy is the demagogue.

The two grand divisions of society are the constructive and destructive forces. It is of great importance that we should discriminate between these elements, and deny fellowship to the destructive forces. But the preventive measure of supreme importance is the education of the young in sound principles of Bible morality; amongst other

principles, this—that "the powers that be are ordained of God."

Our public schools should be in the hands of the most enlightened and most virtuous men of the community, who should see to it that the instruction provided by the state shall make good citizens.

The only justification for the taxation that supports the public schools is the necessity of training children to become good citizens.

But if our State Schools were all that they ought to be they could not possibly do all that ought to be done for the moral construction of the good citizen.

The good citizen is a product of Christianity; and the non-sectarian character of our public schools limits their moral influence.

If we would have a country of Liberty and Righteousness we must realize Cavour's ideal of a "Free Church in a free State."

The Church of God has a work to do in fitting men for citizenship under a free government. The cultured Christian classes are responsible before God for the right education of the children of the vicious classes. This is a part of the purpose of the great and sacred bond of Christian brotherhood. The brotherhood of rich and poor, of education and ignorance, of brains and muscle. The Christian citizen should stretch out a brotherly

hand to every man who is willing to be taught and helped to do right.

The great peril of our times is the withdrawal of the natural, God-appointed leaders of the people from the front of the moral battle that is being waged between the forces of Christ and Anarchy; men of brains and character and lofty virtue are shrinking from the thick of the fight because the false and corrupt leaders of the masses are unscrupulous and vituperative. But good captains must not mind the blood and dust of the battle field. If the lovers of law and order would only rally to the support of our Christian civilization, we should soon see tokens of Almighty help—as Constantine and his chivalrous followers of the cross with the eye faith saw the blazing token in the heavens—"*In hoc signo vinces*!" (By this sign conquer.)

XX

THE SUPERNATURAL IN RELIGION.

The almost universal acceptance of the theory of Evolution by educated men has created difficulties in many minds about the supernatural element of religion. Opposition to a belief in the supernatural appears in phases as various as blasphemous atheism, "The Natural Religion" and "Ethical Christianity."

There is a recognition of the demonstrated facts of evolution which is consistent with the orthodox faith, as shown by Professors Virchow, Mivart and Le Conte, the Duke of Argyll and the late Dr. McCosh. But this recognition of scientific truth must be distinguished from the mere hypotheses of men like Haeckel.

The rejection of the supernatural is predicated upon the postulate that the progress of the world's development has been step by step, *each step dependent upon the next previous step, without a break in the continuity of the process.* Of course such theory must exclude the Incarnation, the corner stone of the whole fabric of the supernatural in Christianity.

We must frankly admit that the Incarnation was a new order; it was a distinct intervention in the previously established order of nature.

Whilst thus admitting that the virgin birth of the Saviour was not in accordance with the uniformity of the laws of nature established at that period, we still contend *that it is not inconsistent with the accepted data of science.* On the contrary, science teaches us that the progress of the world's development has not been a process of unbroken continuity. There have been crises in the world's progress; there have been several fresh starts; new orders have been introduced. *Such were the creation of matter, the advent of organic life and the attainment by the human race of the moral faculty.*

As some evolutionists seem to assume the eternity of matter, and some argue that the moral faculty of man might have been developed naturally, let us waive the contention as to these, and rest our argument upon the certainty that *the advent of organic life was a new order in the progress of the world.* Certainly no germ of organic life could have existed on this planet when the earth was a red-hot, molten mass; and Mr. Tyndall has proved the impossibility of spontaneous generation.

If there has been one break in the continuity of the process of the world's progress, then there may have been two or many such interventions in the previous order of nature. The Incarnation, therefore, is not incredible on scientific grounds. Of course I am not

using this datum of science to prove the truth of the Incarnation, that rests on positive and independent evidence. So far I am simply traversing the assumption of the agnostic that the Incarnation is incredible on scientific grounds. My contention is that the Incarnation is no more incredible to the scientific mind than the advent of organic life on this planet.

Ignoring the question of the possibility of an Incarnation of the Diety, the advocates of "A Natural Religion" tell us that the true religious nature of man does not need the supernatural; that religion, stripped of superstition, is simply the code of Utilitarianism. It is argued that men, by an irresistible law of their being, seek their own good, and that experience has taught the race that what we call virtue is more beneficial to society than vice; in a word, that virtue is merely the policy of the race that has become crystalized into an intuition by tradition and heredity.

The apostles of this Natural religion try to explain the universal belief in the supernatural by tracing it to the mysteries of nature and to the impression of our dreams of the departed. They offer as a substitute for our aspirations for immortality a hope of the future perfection of the race on earth.

All this far-fetched speculation grows out of the exigencies of the mechanical notion of

law, a theory which excludes the conception of a moral quality in the conduct of man.

How can there be merit or demerit in any act of man if in either case the right or wrong act was the result of an inexorable law grinding out the conduct of men. One simple fact is fatal to this whole fatalistic system—the existence of man's will, the freedom of which has the highest proof we can demand, viz: universal consciousness.

The advocates of this sentimental atheism would lead us to believe that this present life and the face of nature afford sufficient material for the construction of a rational religion. Recognizing that any system claiming to be a religion must afford an impulse to benevolence, they claim that the consensus of men that benevolence is good policy would afford a sufficient motive for all the philanthropy that is useful and healthy.

Let us see where this leads: My kinsman or neighbor is sick or has met with an accident. Of course, if his recovery is probable, it would be "expedient" for me to minister to him, because his restoration to active life would be good for society; and besides I might get hurt or fall sick myself, and in that case I should need his help. But if he is so wounded that he can never be able to work, or if he is doomed by a fatal malady to lingering illness and certain death, then it would be expedient to kill him—of course as painlessly as possible;

it would certainly be the best thing, on this utilitarian theory, to put the hopeless invalid out of his misery and relieve society of the burden of supporting a worthless member; and, if a neighbor or kinsman were not kind enough to take the trouble to perform this friendly act, why should not the invalid himself take the fatal draught and end his useless and unhappy existence?

For the same reason, it would be judicious to kill off the infirm grandfathers and grandmothers.

Imagine the influence of such customs upon the human heart. The universal prevalence of such ethics would transform men and women into human fiends.

There is one fact—a blessed fact—that cuts this materialistic morality up by the roots: the judgment of the whole human race that the highest type of virtue is heroism; which is the brave doing of good, when the good cannot benefit the doer; benevolence that is *not* useful to the benefactor.

The very foundation of this utilitarian system of so-called morals is false. For if policy be the only reason for doing right, then any act which we now call a crime could never seem wrong to the perpetrator if he could be sure he would never be punished for it.

The natural religion makers recognize as a principle necessary to any religion, a certain amount of awe and reverence. It is a universal

intuition that cannot be ignored. Well, what does the natural religion offer as a worthy object of man's worship? "Our Mother Nature," say they, "offers us in her sublime aspects an inspiring object of reverence—so far," they are careful to add, "as reverence is rational."

Behold, say they, the lofty mountain lifting its colossal head to the sky, the roaring cataract warning the boatsman of its crushing power, the terrific cyclone marching with royal grandeur through the prostrated city and forest! Lift up your eyes and see the sparkling worlds that gem the firmament with sweetest light—light that has traveled thousands of years and billions of miles to reach us tonight; and above all, glorify the great luminary of our world, the center of our planetary system, and the author of life, because the source of our light and heat.

But is this *worship*? Does it satisfy the cry of an orphaned soul to lift up the aching heart to the dead, soulless features of awful nature? What voice comes from the mountain or the sun to soothe the mother's heart as she lays the form of her babe in the cold earth? Does that Mother Earth give back a tear of sympathy or a promise of safe keeping of the precious child, and a joyful restoration of the sweet life that was snatched from her stricken bosom?

When the poor, stained, scarred soul, weighed down with the wretched burden of sin would seek relief from the fierce, threatening accusations of an awakened conscience, will the stars pour out forgiveness? Will the floods of Niagara wash out the blot of one foul sin? Well said the great master of drama, of the crime of the guilty queen:

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood clean from my hand? No! This my hand will rather the multitudinous seas incarnadine, making the green, one red."

Shakespeare knew not much theology, but he knew the human heart.

The whole tendency of this mocking substitute for religion is a reversal of the aspiration of the human soul. It is a perversion of the office of nature in the economy of grace.

The Christian is led from his contemplation of the modest violet at his feet to the baptism of rain that refreshes its fragrant life, away beyond to the benignant sun, that warms and lightens all creatures; and then from all created things to the Creator Himself, and rests his weary heart on the bosom of the everlasting Father—precious privilege purchased by the atoning blood of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—human kinsman and divine Redeemer; whilst the devotee of the "Natural Religion" directs his spectroscope to the worlds above, only to analyze their elements, and gives us an apotheosis of

black lines and red lines, and carbon and oxygen.

Nature is an oracle of God; but she is a bewildering interpreter of the Divine character without the key of revelation.

All the scattered rays of the Sun of righteousness diffused through nature had to be concentrated in the living lens of the Son of God before it could warm us into faith in the love of the Heavenly Father. Revelation leaves much hidden that we aspire to know. "We know only in part," "We see through a glass—darkly." But, in all our ignorance, in all our groping for more light, we have the witness of the Spirit that we are the children of God.

We turn in loathing from the "Philosophy of frog spawn" and the worship of dead nature to the service of the living God. And, with Francis Turner Palgrave, look through nature up to God:

"Then though the sun go up
His beaten azure way,
God will fulfill His thought
And bless His world today.

Beside the law of things
The law of mind enthrone,
And for the hope of all,
Reveal Himself in One.

Himself the way that leads us thither,
The all-in-all, the whence and whither."

There are those for whom nature is not a sufficient guide in religion, who would fain preserve the ethical content of Christianity after they have eliminated the supernatural element. The fallacy of that system may, perhaps, be sufficiently exposed by a reference to the inconsistencies of one of its most popular advocates, Mrs. Humphrey Ward. In her novel, Robert Elsmere, she undertakes with a masterly style to show how the moral and social value of Christianity may survive the surrender of its claim to a supernatural origin. And yet, what is the outcome of the story? What is the unconscious argument of the development of her characters? With the true instinct of the literary artiste the author portrays all the rejectors of the supernatural as living blundering, ineffectual lives, most of them dying miserably. On the other hand, the only consistent and happy character in the book is Mrs. Elsmere, a devout, orthodox Christian.

Ernest Renan, in his "Life of Jesus," is even more flagrantly self-contradictory; but the limits of this discourse will not admit of an analysis of his fallacies.

When we drive the enemies of the supernatural from the entrenchments of their several substitutes for orthodox Christianity, they assume a negative attitude, and say: "Well, the champions of revealed religion are unable to verify its claims by logical processes"

They who urge this objection seem to think that this proposition being once established, the last word of controversy is said.

The appropriate reply to this assertion is somewhat in the nature of what lawyers under the old system of pleading called "Confession and avoidance."

It is perfectly true that the supernatural part of religion is beyond verification by logical processes. But there is another faculty for the verification of truth beside the logical faculty. The syllogism is not the only instrument for weighing evidence. *The reason of man is larger than logic.* Christianity does not claim to be in all its bearings demonstrable to the understanding.

There are bearings of revealed religion which confessedly transcend the domain of logic. The logical faculty is not the whole of man. Man is a tripartite being, composed of body, mind and spirit. Call this third element what you will, soul, spirit, moral nature, the fact of its existence and its distinction from the strictly mental faculty is a matter of the world's history, and every individual's experience.

The superstitions of all barbarous peoples, the mythology of ancient Greece, the mystical philosophy of India—in a word, the religious instinct of the race—bears witness to the existence of an element in man distinct from the mere thinking faculty. Man's reason, in

the narrow sense of the word, has never satisfied the aspirations of the spiritual faculty. Even amongst people who have had no revelation, or only the faint vestiges of one—among even these—there has always been a craving for intercourse with Diety, the association of the moral nature of man with the supernatural, a thirst for the transcendental.

The demands of this spiritual nature can no more be met by the mere intellect than the demands of the intellect can be satisfied by physical comfort. It is quite true that the laws of this spiritual faculty are very subtle; it seems to be of a much finer spun nature than the strictly intellectual. But this ought not to surprise us, for the law of evolution is a progress from the simple to the complex; the higher the development the more complicated the structure; and the more complex the structure the greater the difficulty of adaptation to environment. Hence the vicissitudes of our spiritual faculty. The law of harmony is differentiation; hence the necessity of the subordination of the lower to the higher.

The three elements of man are not coordinate. If the body crave something that the judgment condemns as unwholesome, the appetite must give way to the command of the understanding; and, carrying the principle one step higher, when the intellect staggers and gropes in the presence of supernatural

phenomena, the spiritual faculty comes to the rescue and recognizes the fact that the "natural man perceiveth not the things of the Spirit of God because they are spiritually discerned," as St. Paul said long ago.

But a difficulty encounters us right here. The spiritual faculty itself sometimes totters. There is something the matter with man's spiritual nature. It does not seem to work with normal force and regularity. It has permitted some very foolish things. It has sanctioned the worship of beasts and idols; it has approved of human sacrifices. The highly developed intellect, seeing these things, distrusts the spiritual faculty, and no wonder. This difficulty has ever puzzled philosophers. They instinctively felt that the spiritual faculty was the commander in chief of man's composite forces; but they saw plainly enough that it was a fallible chief. Compte, in his Positivism aimed to cut the Gordian knot by simply repudiating the universal instinct of the race; and reversing the relation of intellect and spiritual faculty, made the intellect chief and the spiritual faculty inferior.

With as good reason might he have denied the mind's rightful superiority to the body, because with most men the judgment does not always successfully and wisely govern the body.

If the existence of idolatry is proof that the spiritual faculty is inferior to the mental,

then the existence of drunkenness proves that the mind is inferior to the body.

Fallibility is not fatal to superiority. If it were we could have no military chiefs and no courts of last resort.

How then shall we account for these notorious aberrations of the spiritual faculty, and what remedy shall we apply?

The Christian's diagnosis of this spiritual malady is man's natural depravity; in other words, moral heredity. Adam having sinned, our sinful tendency is as natural as your inheritance of your blue eyes from your mother or your musical talent from your grandfather. But the agnostic will say: "Ah, ha! you're tripping; that is a begging of the question. You haven't proved there was any Adam, much less have you authenticated the history of his fall."

Very well, we will for the moment not insist upon the truth of the Scriptures, which give us the history of man's original innocence and subsequent fall. Be the cause of man's depraved inclinations what it may, the fact of the moral obliquity is unquestionable; and no enemy of Christianity has yet proved a cause or suggested even a probable hypothesis. Let us go back to the facts.

Here is the man with three elements, body mind and spirit; the body evidently designed to be subject to the mind, and the spirit evidently transcending the

domain of the mind. And yet this commander in chief of this composite being is liable to great eccentricity. What shall be done to give the spiritual faculty steadiness and correct its aberrations? It evidently needs some external influence to make it trustworthy.

At this point revealed religion comes in and presents the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and with it the office of the Holy Spirit to guide man into the path of his highest development, even to eternal life. But the unbeliever will here reply: "That is your theory of the matter. Give us logical proof." And when we reply: "The natural man receiveth not the things of God, because they are spiritually discerned," he replies: "Well, why cannot I discern these things of God (if there are any such things) as well as the Christian?" We answer: Because you do not use the appropriate instrument; you do not address to the task the proper faculty. You do not try to spiritually discern these things. You cannot count the facets of a fly's eye with a telescope, nor can you see the rings of Saturn with a microscope. The objector is apt to reply that this answer of ours amounts to the dethronement of man's judgment. Not at all; we do not ask the intellect to resign its bench, but simply to confine its adjudications to matters within its jurisdiction. The jurisdiction of the intellect is supreme and ex-

clusive in matters subject to logical processes. Our contention is that there is another and a higher court having jurisdiction of things spiritual.

The claims of the understanding must undoubtedly be met and satisfied. However far beyond logic religion may carry us, it must never be unreasonable. The legitimate demands of logic carry us through essential processes to the very threshold of religion. To this end we furnish historical proofs of the Jewish prophecies of a Messiah. The almost universal expectation throughout the civilized world, for a century before the advent of Christ, of the coming of a great reformer, a moral deliverer of superhuman power. We furnish evidence, also, of the birth of Christ. His teaching, the calling of His disciples, His death, the belief of His disciples in His performance of miracles, and their belief in His resurrection from the dead. We prove also the organization and missionary work of the Church, the marvelous spread of Christianity, the joyful martyrdom suffered by persecuted Christians. We urge also the worthy character of God, as set forth in the Scriptures, the excellence of the Christian code of morals and the influence of Christianity upon society. These are all facts, and they constitute an appeal to the understanding. We submit them to the forum of the intellect. Some of

these facts are essential to the maintenance of Christianity.

If history and logic applied to the facts can overthrow them, then undoubtedly our religion is wanting in an adequate foundation. But the controversy is not about these facts. They are almost universally admitted by unbelievers. These questions of ordinary historical fact we submit to the forum of logic, and judgment is for us.

But we are impleaded before the bar of the intellect with a further controversy. The virgin birth of Christ, the reality of His miracles and His resurrection, the efficacy of prayer and of the sacraments, and the influence of the Holy Spirit are traversed in this court. What is our plea? We deny the jurisdiction of the court.

Of course such evidence of the miracles of Christ and of His resurrection may be demanded as is suitable to prove other historical facts; but when it is alleged that no evidence can be sufficient to establish a miracle, we deny the jurisdiction of the mere intellect in the matter. Miracles, as attestations of a divine revelation, appeal to a higher faculty than the logical faculty. This species of evidence is addressed to the spirit. So with regard to prayer, the sacraments and the influence of the Holy Spirit.

It is reasonable for the non-Christian to expect that there shall be evidence of moral

improvement and elevation of character in men who profess to have divine assistance in their struggle with the baser nature; but when unbelievers would test the influence of the Holy Spirit by the laws of dynamics, and demand concrete demonstration of spiritual force, again we plead jurisdiction. Before we leave this tribunal, however, I wish to call attention to a matter of fact of which unbelievers are singularly oblivious. I allude to the testimony of Christians as to their experience of the comfort and joy of their religion.

It is competent for unbelievers to prove (if they can) that the professed experience of christians is hypocrisy or lunacy; but it is utterly unscientific to ignore the testimony of millions of people to a tremendous psychological phenomenon.

That unbelievers find it impossible to believe in the virgin birth, miracles and resurrection of Christ, the moral efficacy of the sacraments, the potency of prayer and the help and comfort of the Holy Spirit, is no proof against the verity of these elements of religion, because the unbeliever seeks the verification of them by a faculty inappropriate and inadequate. And when we claim that these "things of God" are "spiritually discerned," it is no answer to reply that the unbeliever does not discern them, because he does not direct his spiritual faculties to the

investigation. He does not try to discern with his spirit. He scouts and rejects the verifying function of the spirit of man. And even if the unbeliever, as a matter of experiment, should try for a moment to direct his spiritual faculties to the task of investigating the truth of religion, his first feeble efforts would yield no strong and conclusive result. For the spiritual nature must be cultivated in order to acquire vigorous powers of discernment. As F. W. Robertson says, "Doing is an essential organ of knowing."

The Saviour anticipated this situation when He said: "If any man will do God's will he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."

Of course, we cannot prove this to the unbeliever by reasoning, but perhaps we may be able to induce another kind of consideration of it if we can find an analogy between the spiritual faculty and some intellectual faculty. I think we have this analogy in the resemblance of the operations of Taste to those of the Spirit. The sense of the beautiful is a faculty of the mind which is not at all dependent upon logical processes. It matters not, for our purpose, which theory of taste we adopt, whether the objective or the subjective. There must be aesthetic truth, whether it reside in the qualities of the thing admired or in the laws of the mind of the admirer. There must be an absolute basis

for the sense of the beautiful, or there could be no approximation to agreement amongst men as to what is beautiful and what is not.

The essential nature of taste has never been satisfactorily analyzed, and yet all persons of any culture know that there is such an excellence in nature and in art as "the beautiful." This faculty is, I repeat, not subject to the forms of logic. The understanding does indeed explain, to some extent, why some things probably give us pleasure and some things disgust, but the ultimate appeal in aesthetics is not to logic, but to the instinctive natural sense of the beautiful. If a man fail to perceive the beautiful in an object which gives the highest pleasure to others, you cannot excite his admiration by argument.

Take a man of strong intellect, but with taste depraved by coarse vice and vulgar associations, to an art gallery, show him Angelo's "Statue of Moses," and Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." If he calls one a waste of marble and the other a meaningless daub, how are you going to induce him to admire those master pieces? John Ruskin could not have done it. All that could be done for the poor man would be to persuade him to begin the cultivation of his taste. Take him out in the open air, point out to him the simplest beauties of nature, and gradually,

day after day, lead his eyes up from flower and tree and mountain to behold the glories of iridescent sunset.

And so he might be trained to enjoy the beautiful. But this training is certainly not a process of logic. Does not this fact—that taste is a matter of culture and not a matter of reason, illustrate the function of the Spirit in discerning "the things of God?"

I am not arguing that there is any necessary connection between taste and religion (though there is, indeed, an ultimate connection between all truths). A man may have a great deal of aesthetic culture, with little or no religion; another man may be very religious and yet have an undeveloped taste. What I am endeavoring to show is not relation of causality between aesthetics and religion, but an *analogy* between the faculty which perceives the beautiful and the faculty which discerns the spiritual.

The trouble with unbelievers is not always a want of *intellectual* culture, but a lack of *spiritual* culture.

After you have established the non-miraculous facts in the history of Christianity and called attention to the testimony of Christians as to their experience of the benefits of religion, you can do an unbeliever no more good by debating with him.

If the unbeliever would make further progress he must renounce his intellectual conceit and become as a little child spiritually, that he may enter the Kingdom of Heaven. He must begin his spiritual culture by the humble practice of such Christian virtues as his conscience approves, and so his spiritual nature will develop and gradually enable him to understand and receive more and more of the "things of God."

The study—the sincere, unprejudiced study of the character of Christ is an essential exercise in this culture; and as soon as he can do so with sincerity, though still with doubt, the spiritual tyro must pray—pray for a teachable temper, divine wisdom, and the aid of the Holy Spirit. Presently this spiritual infant will begin to enjoy the consciousness of God's love and the preciousness of a Saviour; and so the divine process will go on until he "come unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

The spirit of man, having once discerned the Spirit of God in his redemption and grace and comfort, belief in miracles is no more difficult than a belief in creation (which was a miracle to the angels that beheld it). The man who knows Christ as a gracious Saviour cannot help believing his Saviour divine. He feels that Christ must have been miraculously born, must have risen from the dead. No

other theory is in keeping with his experience of the divine character of his Lord. So it comes to pass that we believe in the miracles of Christ because of His divinity instead, as of old, believing in His divinity because of His miracles. Thus the vision of man's spirit reaches beyond the utmost penetration of his mere intellect.

If this be our privilege to discern the things of the Spirit, why, it may be asked, are so many Christians apparently groping in the dark? Why do many Christians seem to make so little progress in the spiritual life? It is the object of half the preaching heard from our pulpits to answer that question—a momentous question. Upon its answer depends the growth and destiny of man's spirit. St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Romans (xii. 2), answers that question: "Be not conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." And again, in his Second Epistle to the Corinthians (II. Cor. v. 17), "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature." Avoiding all controversial questions about Conversion and Regeneration, let us realize what all theologians admit, that the entire devotion of the heart to God is involved in that "renewing of the mind" by which a man becomes a "new creature" in Christ. The surrender of the human will to

the divine will, the unreserved consecration of life to God's service—this is key to the spiritual discernment that takes knowledge of the things of God. This is the crucial test that determines whether or not a man "be in Christ." This is the attitude of the spirit that secures the re-enforcement of the poor human will by the Omnipotent Spirit of God. Thus do we "lay hold on eternal life." This and this alone brings to the spirit of man the "peace that passeth understanding."

ADDENDUM.

A member of my Bible Class in St. Andrew's Church, Jackson, Mississippi, recently asked me, after the lesson, what I thought of Winston Churchill's novel— "The Inside of the Cup," and I said, "You may well distrust the argument of the author when you reflect that his eulogized hero holds and teaches doctrines contrary to the faith he solemnly professed to believe and engaged to teach when he was ordained.

Whether that clergyman's recently acquired opinions are true or false he is a falsehearted man to hold them and not renounce the ministry of the Church he is betraying.

Another point of ethics is involved in the author's glorification of the character of the rich layman's mature daughter.

Whether her father was broad or narrow in his theological views, whether he was just or unjust as an employer of labor, he was a sadly bereaved man and a broken-hearted parent (having a reprobate son) and he loved the daughter most devotedly: And yet she finds it in her heart to forsake that old father in his miserable loneliness, for the gratification of her selfish whims and vanity.

I don't like the morality of Mr. Churchill's new religion

W. C.

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OMANCE, Politics and Social Science are woven into these stories, in which Christianity is never sacrificed to pruriency or fanaticism. The writer is of the opinion that many of the popular novels of the day are simply—soul murder for gain.

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